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Vol. CXLIV No. 1876 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JAN. 4 1936

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VIENNA: International Ice Hockey Matches (January).
BADGASTEIN (Province of Salzburg): Toboggan and Ski Races (January).
SEEFELD (Tyrol): International Ski-jumping and Slalom Races, International Skating Competition (February 17th to 19th).
INNSBRUCK (Tyrol): F.I.S. Races, 1936. Downhill and Slalom Races of the Federation Internationale de Ski.
Ice Hockey Matches, Figure Skating Competitions, Curling, etc., will take place in connection with these races (February 21st to 22nd).
SEMMERING (1½ hours from Vienna by rail): International Bob Races (February 22nd and 23rd).
International Ski-jumping for the Zimdin Cup (March 1st).
KLAGENFURT (Carinthia): International Ski-jumping (February 23rd).
KITZBUEHEL (Tyrol): International Ski-jumping (February 25th).
LECH ON THE ARLBERG (Vorarlberg): Madloch Downhill Races (February 29th).
ST. CHRISTOPH ON THE ARLBERG (Tyrol): May Ski Races (May 3rd).
HEILIGENBLUT (Carinthia): International Glockner Ski Races (May 31st).

SOCIAL EVENTS IN VIENNA.

OPERA BALL (January 25th).
INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT OF THE AUSTRIAN BRIDGE LEAGUE (to be held in Vienna and Semmering, January 25th to February 3rd).
BALL OF THE CITY OF VIENNA (February 6th).
NUMEROUS HUNT BALLS, CARNIVALS AND MASKED BALLS, ARTISTS' BALLS AND PAGEANTS at which National Dress is worn (January and February).
VIENNA SPRING FAIR (March 8th to 14th).

Ask for details from all leading Tourist Agencies or from the

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

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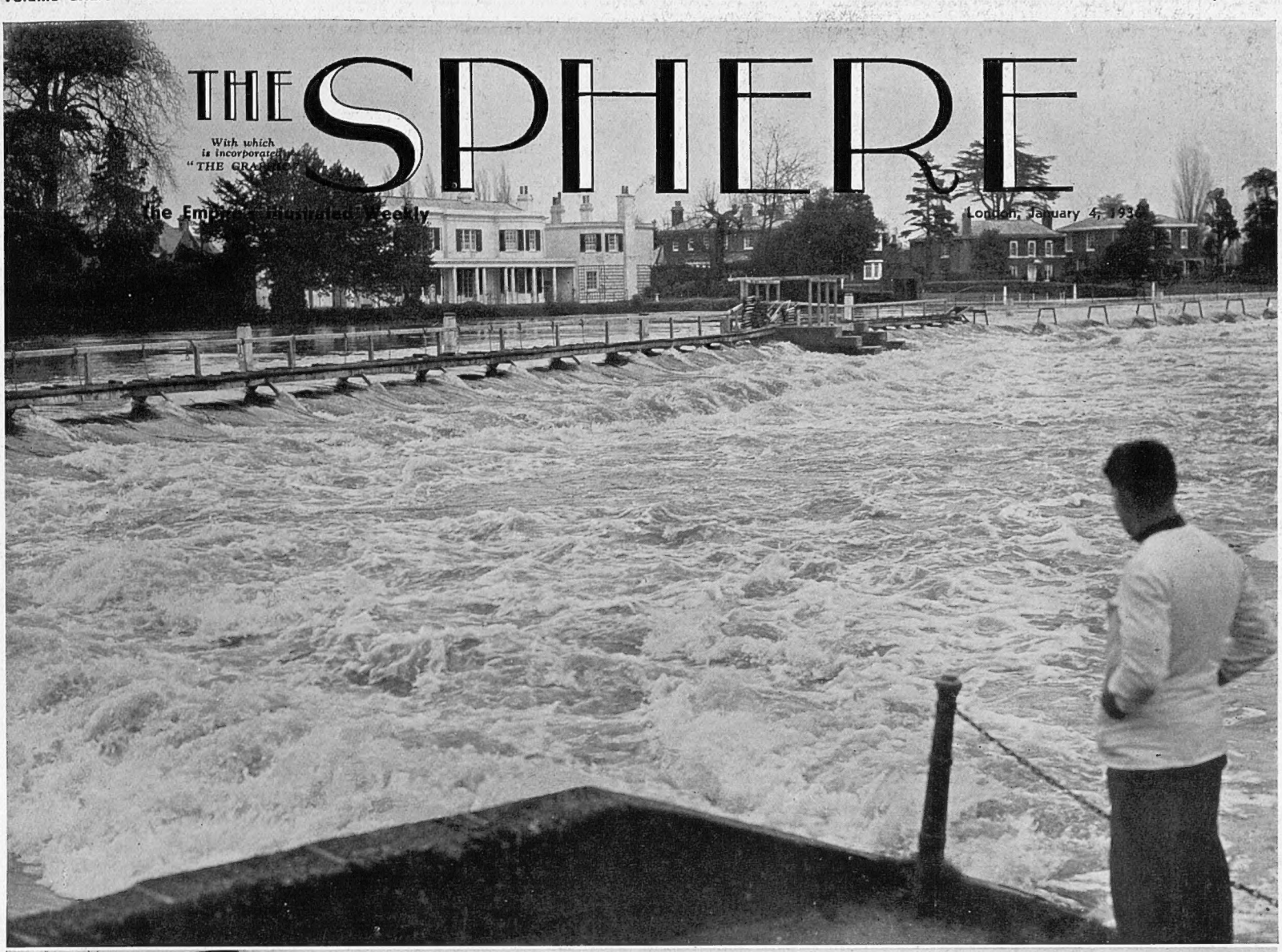

Water, Water Everywhere

Floods in England for the Second Time in Two Months

Britain's weather seldom becomes front page news, but of recent months its vagaries have been so extraordinary that it has even vied with politics and the East African war as a subject for headlines. First came the October storms, then the November floods with whole villages cut off and the inhabitants marooned, then the Christmas Eve "black-out" by fog, only to be followed by a springlike Boxing Day, and finally, to end the year 1935 there was a further inundation of the countryside by swollen rivers and streams. The top picture on this page reveals how the Thames looked at Marlow this week, where the flow was about 5,500 million gallons in 24 hours, which was between two and three times the standard average rate for a day in December, while the picture below shows a sports ground at Woodford, Essex, where the River Roding had risen far above its normal level. In many other parts of England there were similar scenes; the Medway has once again been causing trouble in Kent, and the motoring organisations have had to advise drivers to avoid some of the most important highways in the Midlands

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HAPPY NEW YEAR-ITES : Youngsters who welcomed 1936 in original fashion

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 1, 1936.

BROADCASTER No. 1.—Once more the King proved to his people throughout the Empire and to all English-speaking nations that he is a high master of direct, simple, beautiful English, and is the first broadcaster in the world. He gets his personality "across" as very few radio speakers ever do. The listener in the outposts could almost smell the air of Norfolk, almost see the King in his unpretentious home, sitting, like any other country squire and father of a family, in the peaceful surroundings he loves best, among the objects of art and trophies of sport which his memories have endeared to him. Once more he spoke as a father to his family—once more (is it to be ever so?) he spoke with the gravity and anxiety which the times of peril demand. For a quarter century he has reigned over us, for several years he has addressed us as man to man on Christmas afternoon. Never once has he in all his reign been suffered to lay aside the note of anxiety, to speak with confidence of the immediate future, to subordinate the note of profound anxiety and acute sympathy with those of his subjects who are in distress or peril to the more triumphant note of confidence and thanksgiving for solid achievement and security. Can we hope that the next decade may give him the opportunity at long last to address us at a Christmastide that is free from all these everlasting un-Christmaslike appendages? We have this consolation—he is the King and the man for times of trouble.

LESSONS FROM 1935.—Each new year should afford in January a time for considering the lessons of the last. New Year resolutions are a nursery maxim in our social life, and assuredly this year the lessons of last year will not be beneath the notice of our Government in their application to foreign policy. No British Government has had so rude a jolt or been revealed in so clumsy a mishandling of a situation since the days of the Boston tea party. But the Paris suggestions were but the climax to a long course of mistaken foreign policy dating from the Versailles Treaty. Even the man-in-the-street dares to propound theories now on this intricate subject. The admissions of error by Mr. Baldwin invite him to do so. For our Premier made the wise confession that even Ministers of State are human and may err, and that the international situation is a crux even for supermen (and even in British Governments supermen are a rare outcrop). The lessons which Mr. Baldwin has learned and has promised to apply are, first, to consult the will of the people before committing the country to any new policy. This is a principle of democratic Government which our most democratic Premier seldom forgets. And secondly, no longer and never again to treat the Foreign Secretary as a bagman.

THE FOREIGN MINISTER.—When he goes on his European rounds—as the history of the past decade has abundantly shown—the nation may not want the orders he books. The improvements in communications emasculated the power and utility of our Ambassadors. These men have usually received the highest training in diplomatic negotiation. Often they are much better equipped to negotiate than temporary Ministers of State. They are still paid to the scale of their great abilities, but their status has gradually decreased to that of a King's Messenger. Let them be re-instated with plenary powers to negotiate within their instructions with the Government to which they are accredited, and to submit to the Foreign Office in London the fruits of their labours, for the sober and cool consideration of the Foreign Minister and Cabinet, unswayed by the personal magnetism of some foreign statesman in his own surroundings. We start the year with a new Foreign Secretary, young, experienced in European chancellories, popular at home and abroad, the darling of the League, and pledged to its service. The last is a great ideal, but the League itself is still in the stage of an ideal. Let him remember always that until it obtains effective powers to act in concert, other and, if need be, older methods must still be employed for the safety of our Empire.

FRANCE AND THE LEAGUE.—Ever since 1919 we have been an honoured captive at the chariot-wheel of France. Foreign Ministers have fallen because the will of the people could not brook Britain's constant deference to French policy. France has consistently upheld the League in lip service and boggled over her pledges of responsibility as a League member. French Nationalism has been a prime cause during seventeen years of total failure to ensue peace and disarmament. French statesmen are far more astute and persuasive than British. Britain to-day is the "honest fool"—it is France which is "perfide." We should be slow to blame her. Her dilemma, as last week's great debate in the Chamber clearly showed, is terrible. Nationalism comes first with her because of her ever-present dread of Germany. Without the support of Britain, she is naked to that menacing blast. Support from Britain depends on her unequivocal support of the League. But if she henceforth genuinely supports the policy of Sanctions, she fears to find herself in a ring of Nazism. Therefore, until the League "attain its majority" and its manhood, may our Government remember there is work to be done at home,

and in the Empire, in reconstruction and consolidation, and that *that* may prove the best means of repairing our lost prestige in Europe. It may be we have forgotten the virtues that lie in Time and Patience, and have striven honestly but precipitately to assume a lead in Europe which—had we been less forward—another nation might reluctantly have taken. The Briton is not by nature cut out for astute European diplomacy, We have rushed in, neglecting our private affairs, and others have been glad to leave it to us, while they pursued a purely national policy. Until the League has learned to walk—and we are not Europe's only nurse-maid—let us remember the older methods of diplomacy are not dead since nothing has replaced them. We may yet explore the possibilities of collecting together as a temporary measure in Europe's dangerous state a "League of Sane Nations" of our way of thinking. Subject to justice, the nationalism of one nation must no longer hold up the progress of many. Let us this year leave *something* in Europe's problem to God and the peoples and to time and chance, and so put in order our own house that we shall have no need to employ tired-out statesmen who tremble with fear at the threats of force which an individual nation may breathe against her. I am not so sure that the Palmerston touch is altogether a dead-letter. It worked wonders in our great days. Our star is still high in the firmament. There is no reason for our ministers to abandon their courage and pride. Our people have not done so. Consult them and see.

EXIT THE CAVALRY.—The death warrant of the Cavalry was signed in 1935. Its transformation on large scale to various forms of mechanised units will begin this year. Every Englishman—whatever his views about the delay in bowing to the inevitable—can hear of the decision without regret nor fail to cast one longing, lingering look behind to the great days of chivalry which are gone. The ancestors of the Cavalry were the Knights of the Round Table and of the Tourney. Galahad, Lancelot, Ivanhoe's champions, the Black Prince's knights, Rupert and Cromwell, the leaders of the *arme blanche* in Marlborough's wars, Waterloo, and the Crimea, down to different types of leaders such as Dundonald, French, and men of fire and dash like Francis Grenfell. Because the cavalry spirit was so high and exhilarating, because horses and hunting meant and mean so much to Englishmen, the leaders of the great war—French and Haig in particular—clung to the Cavalry in the face of proof and criticism and even conscience. What Allenby could do in one sphere Kavanagh—as stout and dashing a leader—could not hope to do in another — in the mud of Flanders and the Somme. But to the very end a Cavalry Corps remained—an expensive luxury, a grand source of supply of officers for more essential branches, which was hardly tapped at all. It was wrong. And the old dies hard spirit persisted, and in the higher command after the war every effort to rationalise the cavalry arm was resisted and our post-war army was rebuilt on lines already antiquated. Now at last, in the face of a new menace, the inevitable is tardily accepted. Sad, like all changes in great traditions and ancient glories, but vital. What cavalry regiments remain (as I prophesied, the "Greys" are among them) are just adequate to supply our overseas requirements and to fulfil in peace the needs of pageantry and ceremonial, and in war (split up into squadrons) to find divisional cavalry and carry out other useful and minor functions. With the extinction of Cavalry as a distinct arm, the very expensive training schools in equitation and horse-management will inevitably gradually be reduced to the bare minimum. It is the end of a stirring and glorious chapter, a chapter dear to the heart of every Englishman.

ROBERT LORAINE.—In July 1910 I was walking on Freshwater Down above our house in the Isle of Wight when I saw in the air, low above my head, a rare bird hovering to rest.

"Mr. Jones," alias Robert Loraine, the "actor-airman" as he was then called, was the god-in-the-machine and he came to earth, emerged goggled, and passed the time of day with me. It was my first and last meeting with him outside a theatre. He was then thirty-four years old and had already made a name for himself as an actor of Shaw parts, notably *John Tanner* and *Bluntschli*; America had fallen for him and we were sedulous apes of American fashions in those days. But, just then, acting was not enough for him and he had begun successfully to blaze the trail in the air. Soon after my meeting with him he fell into the sea near Holyhead in a flight to Ireland, and saved himself and machine by grand courage. Naturally he took to the air during the war and won high decorations for gallantry. I became a Loraine fan after the war and often saw his glorious performance of Cyrano. In my mind, and for English audiences, he was a better Cyrano than Coquelin. The great play was superbly rendered into English and Loraine gave new beauty to the noble verse. A fine, robust, finished, hard-working actor and a brave, hearty, noble Englishman, as a friend charming and intelligent, as a citizen worthy, useful, and widely mourned.

FREE CHEER(S): Alderman Richard Stiles Allen, Mayor of Marylebone, handing over the first parcel during the Christmas Eve distribution of Christmas fare to the needy at the Polytechnic, Regent Street

DRIVEN OUT.—Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh and their surviving son, Jon, are come to England, possibly permanently. They had to escape from the States with the secrecy of felons evading arrest. They are not felons. On the contrary, Colonel Lindbergh is as fine a man as any Englishman could wish to have as his neighbour, brave, modest, restrained, an essentially noble character, and his wife is his counterpart. But they have flitted from those United States. The bloody-minded ruffian who murdered their other baby has at last been condemned, and in a year or two may, when all the shifts of law have been employed, even expiate his crime. Meanwhile Hauptmann's friends are renewing their threats of further outrage against the Lindberghs. Small wonder if it has broken Mrs. Lindbergh's nerve. But Charles Lindbergh's reason for quitting the land which acknowledged him as a hero, is not fear of its bloody ruffians, it is an intolerable loathing of the only slightly less filthy methods of some of its newspaper-reporters, who omit no outrage against taste and decency and humanity to secure a new "story" or a new picture of the Lindbergh family and keep the wound of their tragedy open and raw. Here in England they should be safe against forcible outrage. It is to be hoped that the "halfpenny" press will take a lesson from Colonel Lindbergh's treatment and show him that we in England can respect feelings as well as human life. His decision is one which all good Americans must deplore and, I think, admit to be justified by circumstances (which they detest) which are locally prevalent in America. We at least are proud to welcome America's *preux chevalier*.

LORD READING.—This indeed was a great man and a great gentleman. It seems strange to reflect that had he been a German, he would have been kicked out with insults as a type and individual of no service to the Fatherland. Indeed it is one of those fantastic instances which point the full stupidity of the Nazi persecution—it is the *reductio ad absurdum*. I suppose there have been in our history few such Admirable Crichtons. I can recall among men in public life few more romantic careers following spectacular rises. His first visit to India as a cabin boy on a sailing ship; his second as Viceroy. His first essay at finance a lamentable failure; in his last years the unofficial financial adviser of Governments. A failure on the Stock Exchange, he became in a brief space the most brilliant advocate in commercial cases of our time. When I read for the Bar I was not prone to choose commercial cases for my own enlightenment. But when Rufus Isaacs was briefed it was among those (usually dry-as-dust) causes that the romance of the law came to rest. It was thrilling to observe the working of that wonderful, clear brain, to note instances of his marvellous memory, to watch him dominating and putting right judge and opposing counsel and technical witnesses. In his wig he looked like an eighteenth-century nobleman, with his fine presence, his handsome, clever face and his courtly manners which, springing from a kind heart, never failed him. Attorney General, Lord Chief Justice, Ambassador at Washington, one of the few great Viceroys of India, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs . . . He settled like a busy bee on the highest and choicest blossoms and he left in each more sweetness than he took away. He was as full of humanity as he was devoid of personal ambition; and I fancy that, looking back on his life, he found hardly anything to regret. It would interest me to know whether his dazzling and continuous successes ever caused him surprise as he reviewed his extraordinary career.

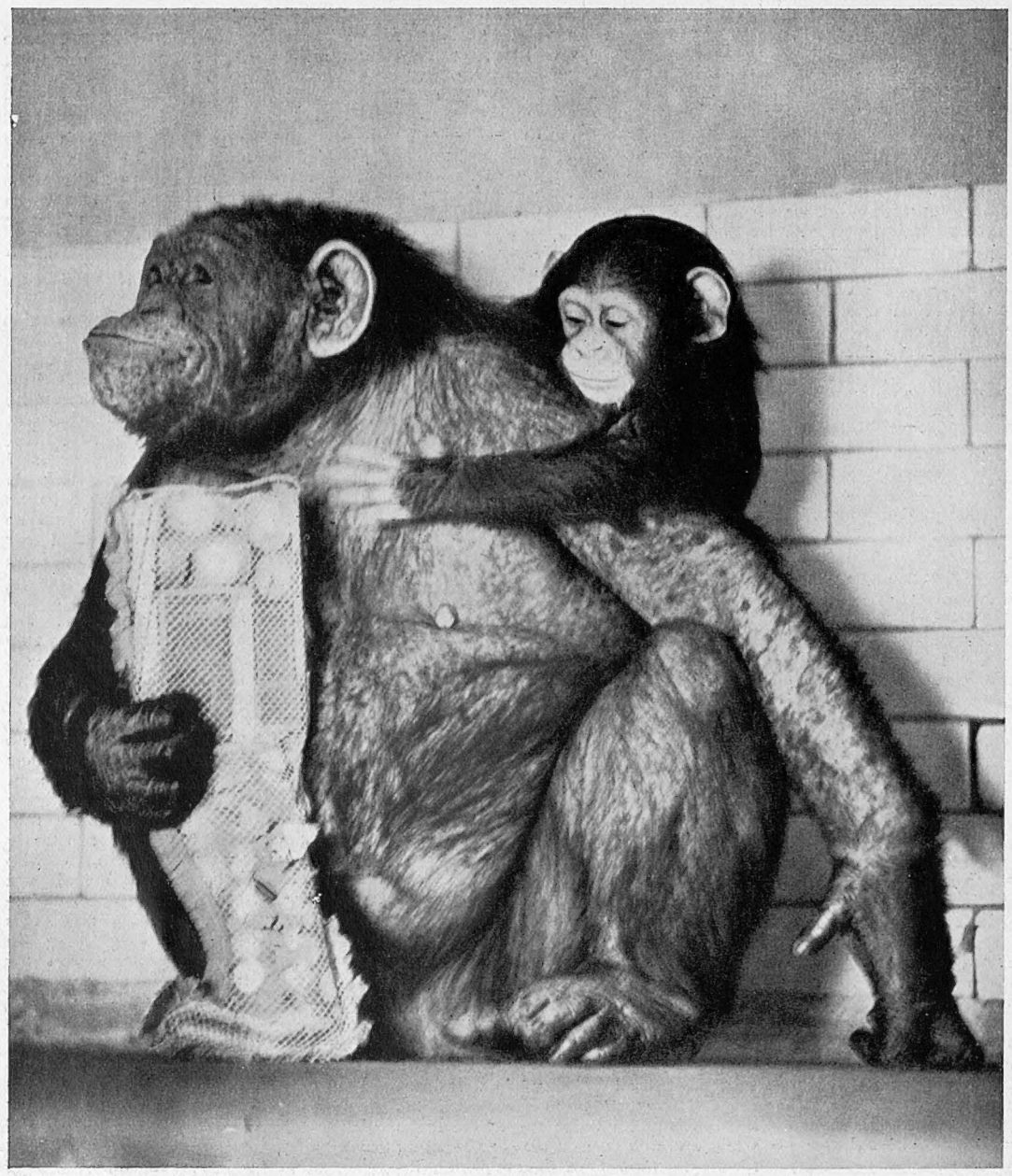
THE YEAR'S RAINFALL.—I insist on inflicting on you my rainfall statistics. We think a lot about water supplies at my home in Sussex. We scorn there such public amenities as "Company's water" (and the grid for that matter scorns us), and we harness crude oil engines to our own wells and springs and keep rain gauges and records. We had 32 ins. of rain hereabouts in 1934. Last year up to the end of November we registered 36·66. Of this total January and March together gave just over 1 in., February and November were the wettest with 5·03 ins. and 8 ins. respectively. The only item approaching a "record" was the fact that between August 1 and November 30 21·17 ins. of the total fell; 21 ins. is a good fall of rain in a period of only four months.

UNMASKED—A PERSONAL PAR.—The man who continues to wear his mask long after his fellows at the *bal masque* have discovered his identity is a fool twice over. He looks a fool and he acts as a fool in persisting for no purpose in a course which involves stuffiness and discomfort to himself. For some time acquaintances and other readers of THE SPHERE have written to me triumphantly declaring that they have penetrated my disguise and discovered my identity. I have been at no great pains to conceal it. About ten years ago I began to write the "Newsletter" of THE SPHERE, and set forth my weekly effort over a fortuitously-chosen nom de plume which I first employed beneath an article on "Country-house Cricket," "I Zingari," and "The Old Stagers" written for *The Sunday Times*. The pen-name stuck and was used for some years in weekly articles for the *Evening Standard*, *Daily Graphic*, *Daily Telegraph*, and *Sunday Times*, and it has continued ever since in THE SPHERE, and will I hope continue during the coming years of hope and fear and trouble and prosperity. If I held the view that journalists and statesmen (and a few other privileged persons) were or should affect to be omniscient and infallible, I should be anxious still to shelter behind my now thread-bare mask and gain from it such protection as it may still afford against errors or inconsistencies laid bare. But I don't take that view. My experience of the past decade assures me that your Premier and your revered leader-writer are as liable to error and to inconsistency as you or I, and I think they both would do well to acknowledge their human-ness (with its inevitable attribute of frailty); for their printed words testify against them. Beside these giants, I am a very pigmy and acknowledge without shame that I often contradict myself, constantly change my views (as a man who is not dead-alive should) and not seldom write of things of which I understand very little. Having made this confession (and indeed glorying in the admission), I see no reason for clinging to the threadbare mask. It would save time and a little trouble if any SPHERE reader who wishes to write to me (to convict me of error, to condemn or even to commend me) would note my name and write to me in that name. So (with the Editor's permission), before returning once more to the familiar but no longer concealing pen-name of "The Old Stager," I subscribe myself

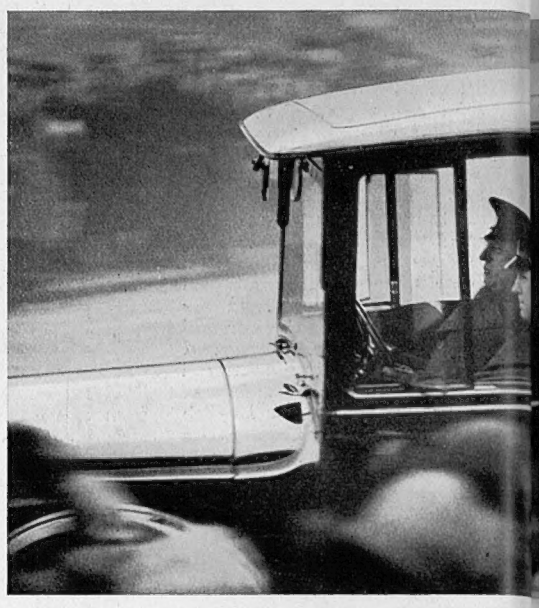
JOHN CORE

SCIENTIFIC ENTERTAINMENT: Boys and girls crowding round Dr. C. E. K. Mees, a photographic expert of distinction who has journeyed to London from Rochester, New York State, as he demonstrated an early type of camera obscura at the first of this season's series of Christmas lectures for children at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street. His subject was the history and development of photography and, needless to say, the lecture hall was packed to capaci y

HOLIDAY WEE



A STRUGGLE FOR POSSESSION: There was trouble at the London Zoo last week when an admirer presented Jubilee, the infant chimpanzee, with a Christmas stocking, and Boo Boo, the mother, took a fancy to the gift herself. This pair still provides the star attraction at Regent's Park, and Jubilee, who will celebrate her first birthday on February 15, continues to cause endless amusement by her intensely human, baby ways



ROYAL VACATION: The King and Queen arriving by car is accordance with their usual custom, they spent Ch to the Empire. *Below on right*—The Duke and Duc No. 3, Belgrave Square, en route for Norfolk, where th

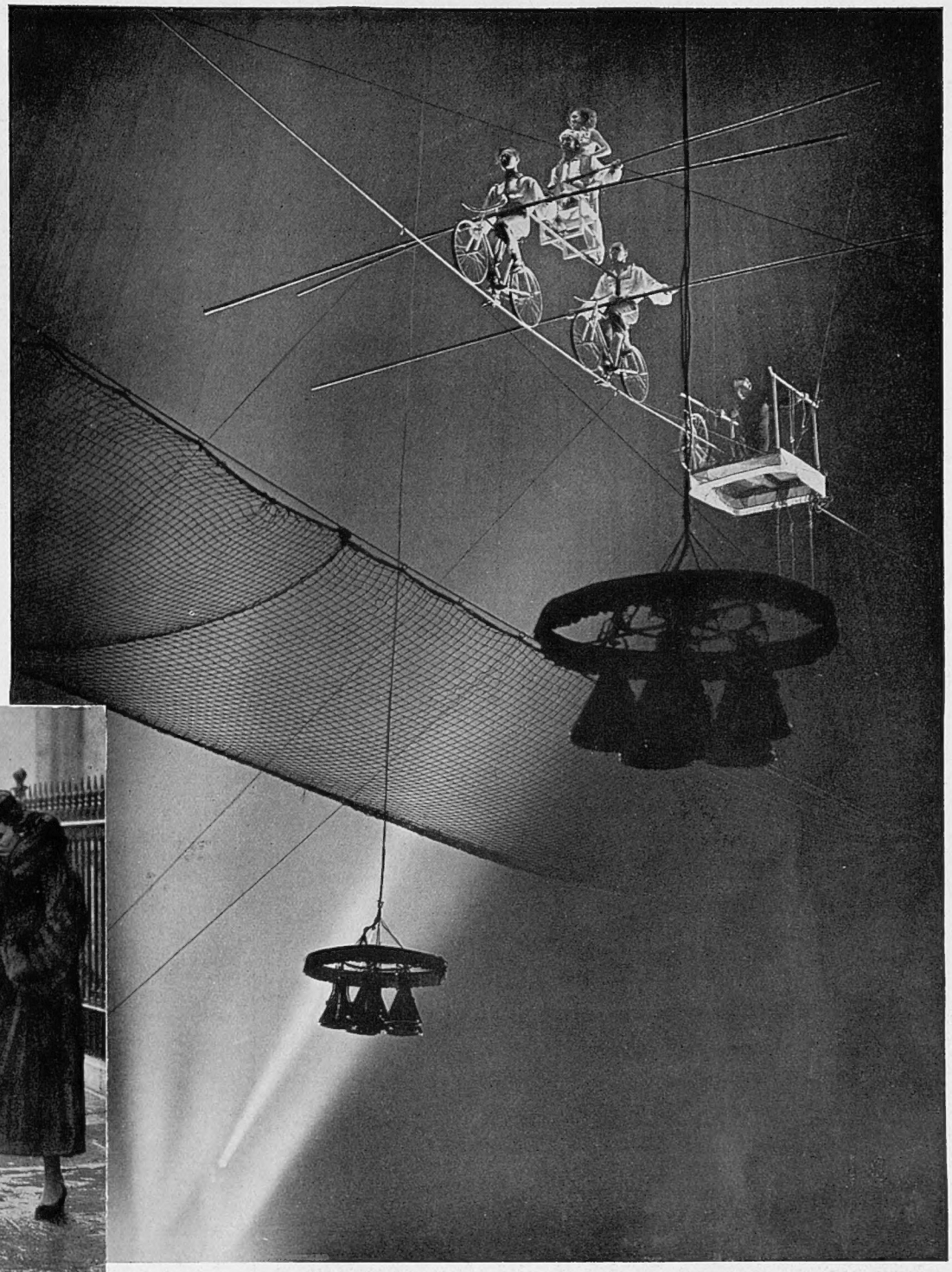
STUDY IN CONCENTRATION: Fräulein Graf, of Austria, one of the 130 petitors, representing sixteen na taking part in the annual Chess Co which opened at Hastings a few da

IN SEARCH OF PEACE: Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, accompanied by their three-year-old son, Jon, walking down the gang-plank of the *American Importer*, when they arrived at Liverpool from New York last Tuesday. As is well known, they have left America because of the repeated threats to kidnap their second child and because of the glare of publicity in which they have been compelled to live ever since the loss of their first child and the trial and sentencing of Bruno Hauptmann

THE PASSING OF A DISTINGUISHED N of Reading—showing him (*left*) at th died from heart failure at his Londo rapidity, and during his long career a Chief Justice, Ambassador at Was

AT HOME: A Pictorial Survey

ss at the start of their journey to Sandringham where, in where His Majesty made his annual Christmas broadcast t, who were accompanied by baby Prince Edward, leaving King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family



THRILLS OF THE CIRCUS: The five Carlos doing their breath-taking act with bicycles, poles, and a chair on the high wire—one of the outstanding items at the sixteenth annual Christmas Circus which, as usual, is drawing immense crowds of children and adults to Olympia, and for which Mr. Bertram Mills and his sons have again secured talent from all parts of the world

N AND JURIST: Two studies of the Marquess four, and (*right*) as Viceroy of India—who Monday last. His rise was one of extraordinary he was successively Attorney General, Lord roy, and, for a short period, Foreign Secretary

WARNING TO THE ADVENTUROUS: Three willing helpers bringing out a casualty after the ice had broken on the lake at Wimbledon Common. There have been several much more serious accidents over the holidays, four men taking part in a skating carnival on Loch Leven, Kinross, being drowned only a few yards from the shore, and two brothers, Robert Allen (aged eleven), and Joseph Allen (aged nine), meeting with a similar fate on a pond near Seaton Burn, Northumberland

THE QUIN-TESSENCE OF POPULARITY

The Five Baby Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Dionne of Callander, Ontario, Celebrate Their Second Christmas—Dr. Dafoe as Santa Claus

THE ARTISTIC EYE: Annette decorating her Christmas tree. *Above on left*—Emelie chortles with delight as Dr. Dafoe, dressed as Santa Claus, shows her the presents. *Below*—Marie exults over the beauty of the ribbons and wrappings of a gift

A THRILLING MOMENT: Yvonne inspects the gifts in the nursery of the hospital at Callander. She is the most advanced of the five and, incidentally, promises to be the prettiest

SHE PUT IN HER THUMB . . .: The always hungry Emelie tackles the monster Christmas cake while Nurse Lerroux is out of the room. She is very intelligent and active

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FIVE REASONS FOR UNPACKING A PARCEL: While Cecilie, Annette, and Marie figure out what it contains, the more practically minded Emelie and Yvonne busy themselves in attempting to open an interesting-looking box. The "Quins" are now almost two years old, and their development is being watched as closely as ever, for they are reaching what is perhaps the most entertaining stage of all. Yvonne was the first to walk and was followed by Emelie

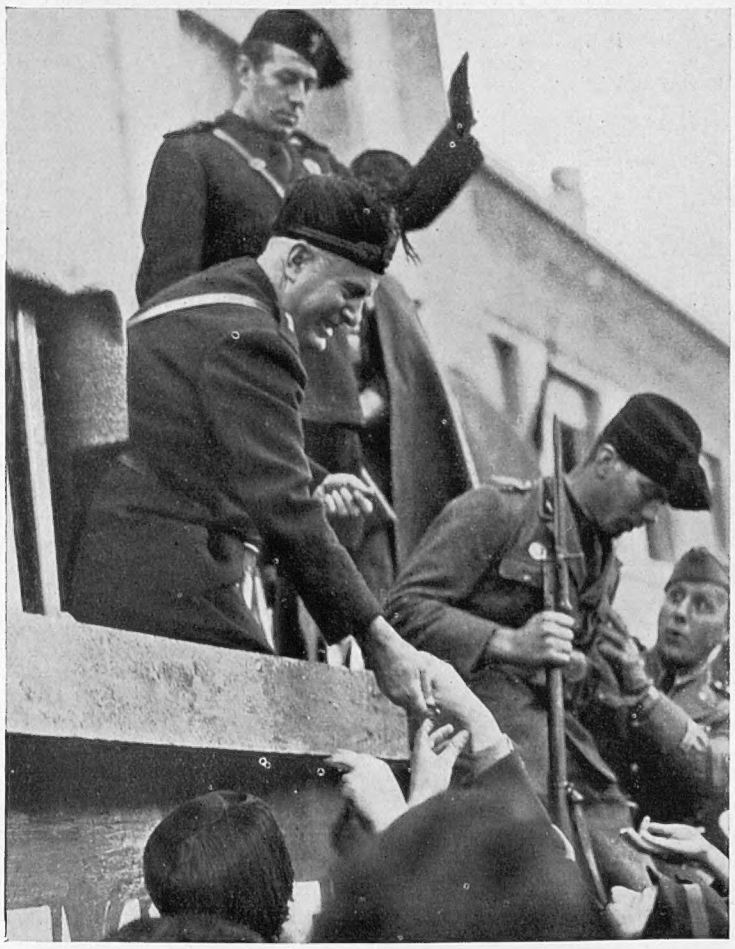
WEDDING-RING DAY IN ITALY

Gifts of Gold for the Depleted Exchequer

THE POPE HOLDS A CONSISTORY

The Red Hat Bestowed on Sixteen New Cardinals

RELIGIOUS PAGEANTRY AT ST. PETER'S: The Cardinals, each accompanied by a trainbearer, seated together at the public Consistory held in the Cathedral on Dec. 19, when the Pope, amid scenes of gorgeous traditional ceremonial and in the presence of members of the diplomatic corps and other notabilities, bestowed the Red Hat on 16 of the recently appointed members of the Sacred College. The ceremony was followed by a secret Consistory at which His Holiness symbolically sealed and unsealed the lips of the new Cardinals. *On right.*—An Italian woman throwing her golden wedding-ring into a melting pot as a gift to the State



HUSBANDS AND WIVES RESPOND TO THEIR NATION'S NEED: Signor Mussolini's "Wedding-ring Day" met with a very big response, and it was estimated that 15,000,000 people, including the King and Queen Elena, gave up their rings to replenish the Exchequer so seriously depleted by the demands of the East African War. On the left Il Duce is pictured receiving the offerings of the inhabitants of Pontinia, the new city he has built on the once desolate and now drained Pontine marshlands. *Right*—A woman fitting on a steel ring given her by the State in exchange for the one she sacrificed

SPOILS OF WAR: Troops of General Nasibu's defence force lined up behind the tanks which were captured by the Abyssinians during recent fighting in Ogaden and which they are now learning to operate

THE CHECK IN ETHIOPIA

A Survey of the Campaign to Date

WRITING in THE SPHERE of November 16 I said that the capture of Makale by the Italian troops a week previously successfully terminated the second stage of the campaign. At that time it was only fair to remark, as I did, that the Italian plan up to date had worked without a hitch.

Crossing the frontier on October 3, the Italians quickly possessed themselves of Adowa and Adigrat, thus avenging the defeat of 1896 and establishing a strong position in the enemy country. The next two weeks were spent, as anticipated, in consolidating the position, ensuring communications, and preparing for the next advance. On October 27 the troops resumed the forward movement practically unopposed. A certain delay was caused by unexpected rainfall, but by December 8 the main objective had been obtained. The Italian flag floated above the walls of Makale, where forty years before it had been hauled down in surrender.

Meanwhile the operations in the south appeared to be no less successful. Making the best use both of his air force and his mechanised units, General Graziani had pushed ahead and seemed easily to overcome the little resistance met with. On the same day that the Italian flag was hoisted above Makale it was announced that General Graziani's forces had successfully stormed the fort at Gorahai, an important position on the River Fafan which opens the way to Sasa Baneh and Harar. Apart from sanctions, things looked well for Italy and it was reasonable to ask oneself whether the strategy of avoiding battle, so unnatural to the Abyssinians, would not eventually turn against them by costing so much territory and discouraging the people.

Two months have passed since these initial successes and Italian prospects no longer look so bright. Not only has there been no farther advance but in the south it would appear ground has been lost, while in the north some of the supposedly conquered terrain is evidently still in dispute. The principal events can be resumed quite briefly.

As was to be expected, and for various reasons, the capture of Makale was followed by a lull. Apart from pushing some advanced posts southward to reconnoitre the still elusive enemy and occupying certain points on the River Takkaze, the Italians confined themselves to holding their positions. More roads had to be built, blockhouses constructed. There was also a change-over in the high command. Marshal Badoglio, the new generalissimo, landed at Massawa on November 23 and formally took over from his predecessor, De Bono. At about this period, moreover, peace proposals were first talked of, and clearly, it was not the moment to launch a new offensive. The chief reason for the halt, however, was, and is still, the progressive hazardousness of operations as their distance from the base increases.

The Abyssinians have not failed to take advantage of this factor. The departure of the Emperor for Dessie on November 28 suggested that the time was approaching for a counter-attack in the north. The Italian air attacks delivered on that place on December 6 and 7 were clearly intended to disorganise the new G.H.Q. and so prevent a direction being given to the Abyssinian operations. In this they do not appear to have met with success.

Early in December the reports of guerilla fighting in the Tembien district showed that in spite of the capture of Makale large parts of the Tigré were still unsubdued. On December 8 Rome announced the capture after desperate fighting of Abi Addi, the capital of Tembien, and two days later came news of a clash at Addi Encalo on the Takkaze. Then on December 15 there began what from all accounts is the biggest action yet fought in the war. 5,000 Abyssinians crossed the Takkaze at Mai Timchet and after severe fighting forced the defenders to retire twelve miles. The Italians claim this retreat had a tactical purpose and enabled the enemy to be lured into a mountain pocket where they were met by artillery, turned, and finally routed. Both sides afterwards announced a victory and there is considerable discrepancy in their accounts of the losses. The Italians recently admitted to 330 dead and wounded and put the Ethiopian casualties at 700 killed and 2,000 wounded. Few prisoners were taken and the proportion of killed was high.

Whatever the precise truth about this battle may be, it shows at any rate that the Abyssinians have important forces in the region and will continue to threaten the Italian positions. They have obeyed their Emperor's order to retire and bide their time and have not made the mistake of attacking in mass formation. Their forces, moreover, appear to have been kept together in spite of the abandonment of territory.

As regards the operations in the south, the position is somewhat obscure. The only certain thing is that the Italians have not followed up their first blows.

This poor result may be due partly to bad luck—unseasonable rains are reported to have prevented progress—but it must also be put down to numerical inadequacy. General Graziani has barely 60,000 soldiers under his command. Against this force is opposed the mass of the Abyssinian army.

The situation up to date may therefore be resumed as follows. After an initial success, which for strategical reasons the Abyssinians did not oppose, the Italians have been brought to a stop by those inherent difficulties in the campaign which all detached observers foresaw. In the north their flank is threatened by guerillas which necessitates extensive cleaning-up operations before any farther advance is possible. In the south there is a deadlock whose continuance must be more dangerous to the invaders than the defenders.

There remain barely three months before the rains commence and make serious operations impossible. Unless the Italians can strike a decisive blow before April their situation will be far from comfortable, and under the increasing pressure of sanctions may well become critical.

G. A. Martelli

Il Duce explains:

"Every war, especially a Colonial war, has its indispensable pauses, particularly when it is a question of organising commissariat arrangements in a difficult and mountainous region such as the Tigré, the area of which is one-seventh of the total area of Italy and which is over 400 kilometres (250 miles) from the base of Massawa. In the recent encounters of December 15 and December 22, the most important since the outbreak of hostilities, the national and Eritrean troops have given superb proofs of their daring and valour."

—Signor Mussolini, Dec. 30

PROOF POSITIVE: Dedjasmatch Umdue (in cloak), of Aroussi Province, and General Nasibu (in uniform), one of the commanders on the southern front, inspecting the Italian tanks at the Abyssinian headquarters at Jijiga. The captures were announced some time ago, but this is one of the first pictures to arrive in this country providing ocular evidence of the accuracy of the report

WOMEN and CHILDREN IN ETHIOPIA

How the Mothers Carry Their Offspring

A FAVOURITE PASTIME: Watching the departure of the weekly train from Addis Ababa to Djibouti. Note how one of the women carries her child behind her

Above on left—UNDERSLUNG BABY CARRIAGE! A woman of Ogaden and her child whom she supports from the hip. The baby's hair is shaved in a circle, leaving a brush of "fluff" to indicate that it is of the male sex

On left—SALESMANSHIP IN HARAR MARKET: The girl on the left is evidently a potential purchaser of a jar, and she on the right is equally evidently extolling the merits of her wares

The Vale of Cashmere—A Land of Lakes and Mountains

"'TWAS A FAIR SCENE—A LAND MORE BRIGHT NEVER DID MORTAL EYE BEHOLD!": British officers out for a trip in a shikara on Dhal Lake, one of the many beauty spots in the Vale of Cashmere. Poplars line the margins, giving the place a grace and distinction all its own, while on the water are floating gardens composed of masses of vegetation—great intertwined blocks of aquatic plants in some cases from two to three feet in thickness and at certain seasons presenting a picture of almost unbelievable loveliness

"SUNNY THE LAKE OF COOL CASHMERE, WITH ITS PLANE TREE ISLE REFLECTED CLEAR": A quotation from Thomas Moore's immortal work, *Lalla Rookh*, descriptive of this beautiful scene on the main route to the Kolahoi glacier. This Indian native State—celebrated alike in prose and poetry for its scenic charms and its climate—is almost completely surrounded by snow-capped mountains, the lower spurs of which descend gently in terraced slopes to the valley

FARMING *in* CASHMERE

IN INDIA'S FERTILE NORTH: Rice, after having been grown in nurseries to a height of about twelve or fifteen inches, being transplanted in mid-June to the specially flooded paddy fields, where it reaches maturity. Both men and women take part in the work and the time is always one of great rejoicing. *On right*—A typical storage place for the crop, consisting of planks crudely put together and surmounted by a thatched roof

THOUGH advanced agriculture with modern methods and machinery has spread far in the plains and big towns of India, in the hills and remote corners far from civilisation the people own small lands producing hardly enough to supply their full year's requirements. The old primitive methods are preferred to the new elaborate and expensive ones.

Rice is the staple food of Kashmiries, and is grown in more than a hundred varieties in this province alone. It is cultivated in land flooded with fresh water till the time of its ripening in September. The paddy (rice complete with husk) is soaked in water and put in germinating pots for about a week in the beginning of April.

A corner of the field near the farmer's house is selected as a nursery, which after being properly tilled is kept completely flooded. The germinated paddy is then sown in this nursery and properly watched till it grows about a foot high.

Vast areas are then submerged and are tilled and cleared of all straw, roots, and the like with a peculiar curved and forked wooden plough. This work is finished by the middle of June, when feasts are held everywhere, and the transplanting is carried out with great ceremony and rejoicing.

WINNOWING: Clearing the rice of chaff, which is afterwards used as cattle food—a scene in Baltistan, the mountainous region of Cashmere that is sometimes known as Little Tibet

At this time of the year, passing through the rice-fields, one enjoys the sight of farmers singing in chorus with their women-folk and children. The whole land seems to be covered with miniature lakes, with trees and greenery interspersed here and there.

By the end of September the crop is ripe and is reaped—men, women, and children of the farmer's family taking part in this arduous work, which is carried out with hand-sickles.

The crop is then spread in the sun to dry, and is then tied into sheaves and stacked in big ricks.

The grain is separated from the straw in many ways, the most common one being trampling it under the hoofs of cattle or striking the bundles against a log or stone.

Paddy after being cleaned of all dirt is then husked by women in big stone or wooden troughs and the rice is cleaned of chaff by winnowing. Kashmiri women like the men are usually very strong, and they can do hard work such as husking rice for hours on end.

While rice is used as food for human beings, the chaff is given to cattle along with the straw. The straw is also used in making mats, ropes, sandals, and other different household articles, and thatched roofs, as well as for packing fruits.

Next to rice, maize crops cover the huge unirrigated hill slopes, and in more even country wheat is grown where the soil and climate are suitable.

P. N. K.

HARVEST TIME: A rick in course of construction (*right*) and being thatched on completion (*left*). A September scene in the paddy fields after the crop has ripened and been reaped, an arduous task in which every member of the farmer's family participates

CLOUDS OVER EGYPT

The Significance of the Recent Student Riots in the Streets of Cairo

Disturbances that, Surprisingly Enough, have Brought About National Unity

A DISTURBING FORCE: Nahas Pasha, the leader of the Wafd (extreme nationalists) making the speech in which he declared that his party would no longer support the Egyptian cabinet and "would oppose any ministry co-operating with the English on the Constitution question"

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

IT has been said that for the explanation of the peculiar events in Egypt—which will give that country its first election in ten years and a new parliament by next autumn—one must "find the Duce." Probably Italian intrigue is not far removed from the affair, for anything that embarrasses Britain in Egypt is grist to Rome's mill. But the main thread of the web runs clear and straight to Geneva.

Egypt is not a member of the League of Nations, and up to the time that Mussolini moved his war machine over the borders into Haile Selassie's feudal empire the surface of Anglo-Egyptian relations was calm.

But ferment began. It broke out at last in riots. Riots in Cairo and Alexandria are an old story. But the remarkable thing about this contemporary uproar is that it has ended (for the time being) in the union of all political parties in a common demand for the restoration of the 1923 Constitution and the conclusion of a treaty with Britain to establish our relations with Egypt on a new status. In short, the new trouble is directly linked to Anglo-Italian ill relations consequent upon Britain's gallant attempt to lead the Geneva League into collective action against a violator of the Covenant.

What we now witness is only a small incident in the immense and swift stream of world history, and but a little, if momentous, hour in the long story of the British Empire, past, present, and to come. It helps to a proper orientation of the Egyptian affair, then, to note that since the Prophet Ezekiel declared that "there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt" (Chap. 30, Verse 13), Egypt has "enjoyed" only two phases of even nominal independent sovereignty. One was in the early nineteenth century, under the Albanian Mehemet Ali (whose descendant the 63-year-old King Fuad of Egypt is); and the other is under the British Declaration of February 28, 1922.

The Egyptologists date the Prophet's prediction in the period of the Pharaoh Apries, between 589 and 570 B.C. In the twenty-five centuries that have elapsed between then and now, Egypt has been controlled by Greece, Rome, the Empire of the Saracens, the Turkish Empire, and Great Britain.

Mehemet Ali had to make a deal with the Turks. He was recognised as hereditary Khedive, and Egypt came under Turkish suzerainty. She might still be linked to the Turkish Empire if the Sick Man of Europe had not made the fundamental blunder of picking the formidable Hohenzollern Empire as the inevitable winner of the great war.

Britain had become interested in Egypt when the Suez Canal was dug. If Egypt had thrown up a Khedive, or even a statesman, able enough to reassure the British Empire and its statesmen, she might to-day be as independent as Switzerland. But this is an effete people. Khedive Ismail behaved after the canal digging like a drunken miner who has struck it rich. In less than a decade he put Egypt into debt to the tune of £90,000,000. Bankrupt at last, he offered his block of Canal shares for sale. France refused to buy. Disraeli bought, the Rothschilds taking a chance, and putting up the cash. The fates then began to weave the web of contemporary Egyptian history.

In 1881 the Egyptians revolted against their dissolute ruler and his palace clique. Cairo and Alexandria were seized by Arabi Pasha. Britain invited the other interested European Powers to aid her in protecting the lives and property of foreigners, and the great international waterway. The response was much what it has been in the present Geneva comedy-drama. On a show-down Britain found she was alone. When it came to money, soldiers, and warships, no other Power would join her. She had to go in alone with her fleet and army, take Alexandria, and finish Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir. The British military occupation dates from that time. The conquest of the Sudan — Kitchener functioning as the commander of the Egyptian army—was a logical sequel. Egypt depends for its fertility, its very life, on control of the Nile waters; and for that control, she must have the Sudan. Gladstone tried to run away from this Imperial responsibility. He sacrificed Gordon. But in the end he had to face up to realities. To give up the Sudan meant to jettison Egypt, and to jettison Egypt meant to break the back of the British Empire.

In his report of December 9, 1920, Lord Milner declared that up to the outbreak of the great war Britain had "done nothing to disturb the theory that Egypt was an autonomous nationality under the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey." So long as her vital interests were not violently interfered with, Britain was willing to live and let live. Her military occupation necessarily ran on, to secure the canal; but she deliberately did nothing to legalize her position. It was up to Turkey, and Egypt, to co-operate with her, and keep the general peace.

Turkey entered the war against Britain. In self-defence, Britain established, on December 18, 1914, a protectorate under a Sultan. It was a war-time measure: Turkish sovereignty over Egypt was not juridically terminated until the ratification by Turkey of the Treaty of Lausanne.

The war released a ferment of nationalism. National self-determinism became the world slogan. Everywhere, new nations mushroomed. Egypt did not escape the contagion. Her nationalists, under Zaghloul Pasha, staged a series of riots, processions, and demonstrations, all designed to cut the British tie. The Commission sent to Egypt under Milner proposed the recognition of Egyptian sovereignty, with safeguards for essential British interests. On November 10, 1921, a treaty was submitted. The Egyptian negotiators rejected it.

It was then that the British Government, recognising that Anglo-Egyptian reconciliation by way of a bi-lateral treaty was not practical politics until Egypt produced a statesman and a stable government, made its Declaration of 1922, recognising Egyptian sovereignty and independence, but reserving the four well-known points for future agreement: security of British Empire communications, defence of Egypt against foreign aggression, protection of foreign interests and minorities, and the Sudan.

Sultan Fuad was proclaimed King, and Egypt adopted a new Constitution, which went into force April 19, 1923. The monarchy was a limited constitutional one, with a Cabinet named from and responsible to a legislature; and the legislature retained power to approve or reject any treaty agreement with Britain.

Sidky Pasha became Premier, pronounced the Constitution unworkable, and suspended it. Mahmud Pasha, as Premier, did likewise. Realists were not surprised. Democracy grafts ill on to an Oriental stock. Full manhood suffrage sounds fine—but does not mean quite what it means in Britain when transplanted in a country which is 90 per cent. illiterate, and in which the backbone class, the *fellahs*, still work with the tools of a 1,000 years ago. There is graft, corruption; and even potentates like Nessim Pasha are not immune from the intimidating effect of violent mobs.

Such different British statesmen as Lord Curzon, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and Mr. Henderson, sought to conclude a treaty with the Egyptians. All were baffled by the Nationalist Wafd and the mobs the latter can always command to intimidate Egyptian political leaders of the moderate parties.

Now, abruptly, Sidky Pasha and Mahmud Pasha, who denounced and suspended the Wafd-drafted Constitution, and desired a treaty, have joined Nahas Pasha, leader of the Wafd, who would not agree even to the Henderson treaty of 1930. All are now for the Constitution, and the treaty offered by the British Labour Government.

What has wrought this miracle of reconciliation between the warring Egyptian factions? The threat that their country might be made a battleground in the interests of Geneva policies. Egypt, which has no special quarrel with Italy, suddenly found 80,000 of Mussolini's troops massed on her western frontier and fleets of Italian warplanes moved to within striking distance of her ports and cities. She found the British Fleet concentrated at Alexandria, and saw the British garrison strengthening the Canal defences, and digging trenches to hold any Italian invasion. Without so much as by your leave, the brunt of the crisis was forced on Egypt.

The defence of Egypt being one of the reserved matters, Britain had and has every justification for all the measures she has taken in Egypt. At the same time, the Egyptians have at least a case that they look like being dragged into a war in which they have no say. Russia and the Little Entente, and even the Archbishop of Canterbury, may applaud sanctions, and British Pacifists and trade union leaders may roar for oil embargoes; but if a storm bursts, it will not burst on these States, and these people, it will burst on the luckless Egyptians.

This is what has roused Egypt and caused the lambs and lions of the factions to sit down together. They now want what they rejected in 1930—a treaty freely negotiated with Britain, defining the latter's interests in Egypt, and the means whereby she may defend them. But the Mediterranean sky was clear in 1930, and it is dark with storm clouds now; and what was possible then is not practicable now. The Wafd have missed the boat.

There is a certain irony in the thought that, if the MacDonald-Henderson Labour Government had, by the grace of the Wafd, been able to conclude their treaty of 1930, Britain would not without violating Egyptian sovereignty have been able to take in Egypt the energetic measures to uphold the League Covenant that she has taken: and the Left who are most vociferous for sanctions, both economic and military, against the hated Fascist, would have found they had inadvertently destroyed the strong post which alone makes British and League pressure upon militant Italy possible.

TROUBLE BREWING: Lorry loads of troops look on as students gather in Ghizeh Square prior to staging a demonstration against the Government. Many were injured during the subsequent street fighting

VIENNA INTIME

Life in the Austrian Capital

SOLDIERS OF TO-MORROW

Senior members of "Young Fatherland"—the Austrian youth movement—receiving their small-arms training

A child, rescued from the streets, being medically examined on admittance to the children's home of the Vienna City Police Force

THE LAW PROVIDES

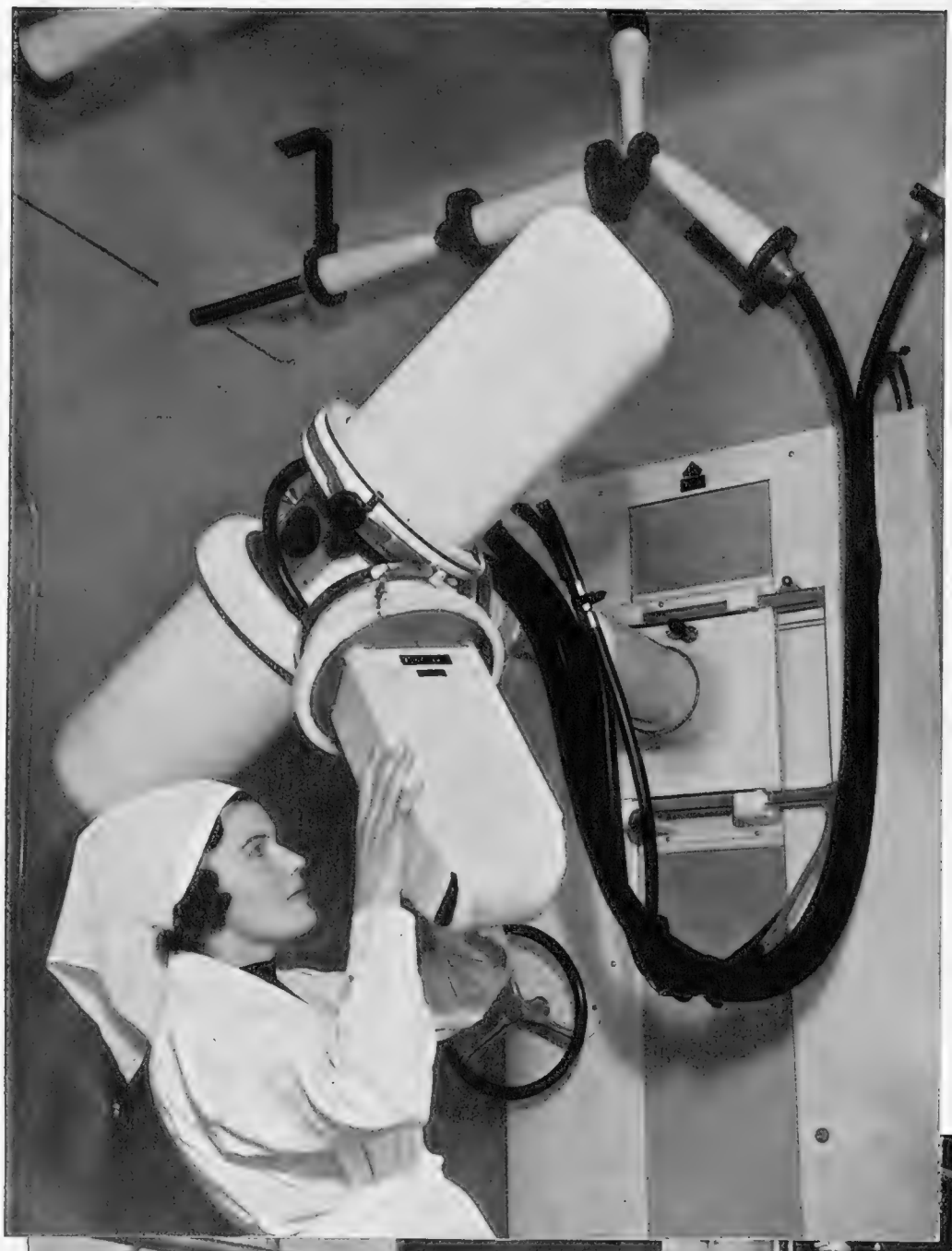
PUBLIC HOUSE POLITICIANS

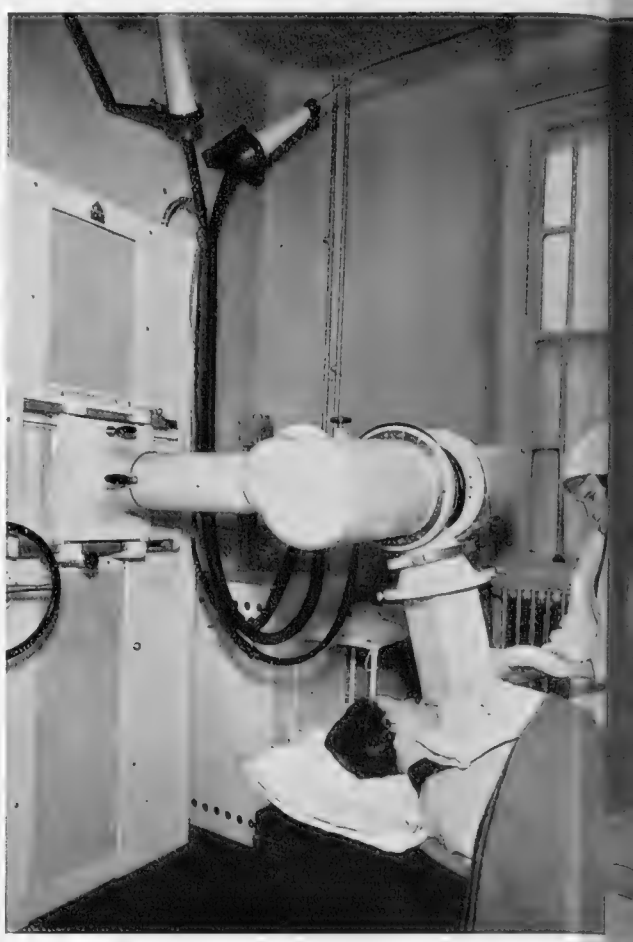
Austrians love debate, but it is to be hoped, for their own sakes, that these men are not disregarding the warning notice above their heads by discussing politics

Vienna restaurants, like the London coffee houses of bygone days, provide nearly all the leading European journals for their customers

COMMON INTEREST

SCIENCE ALLIED





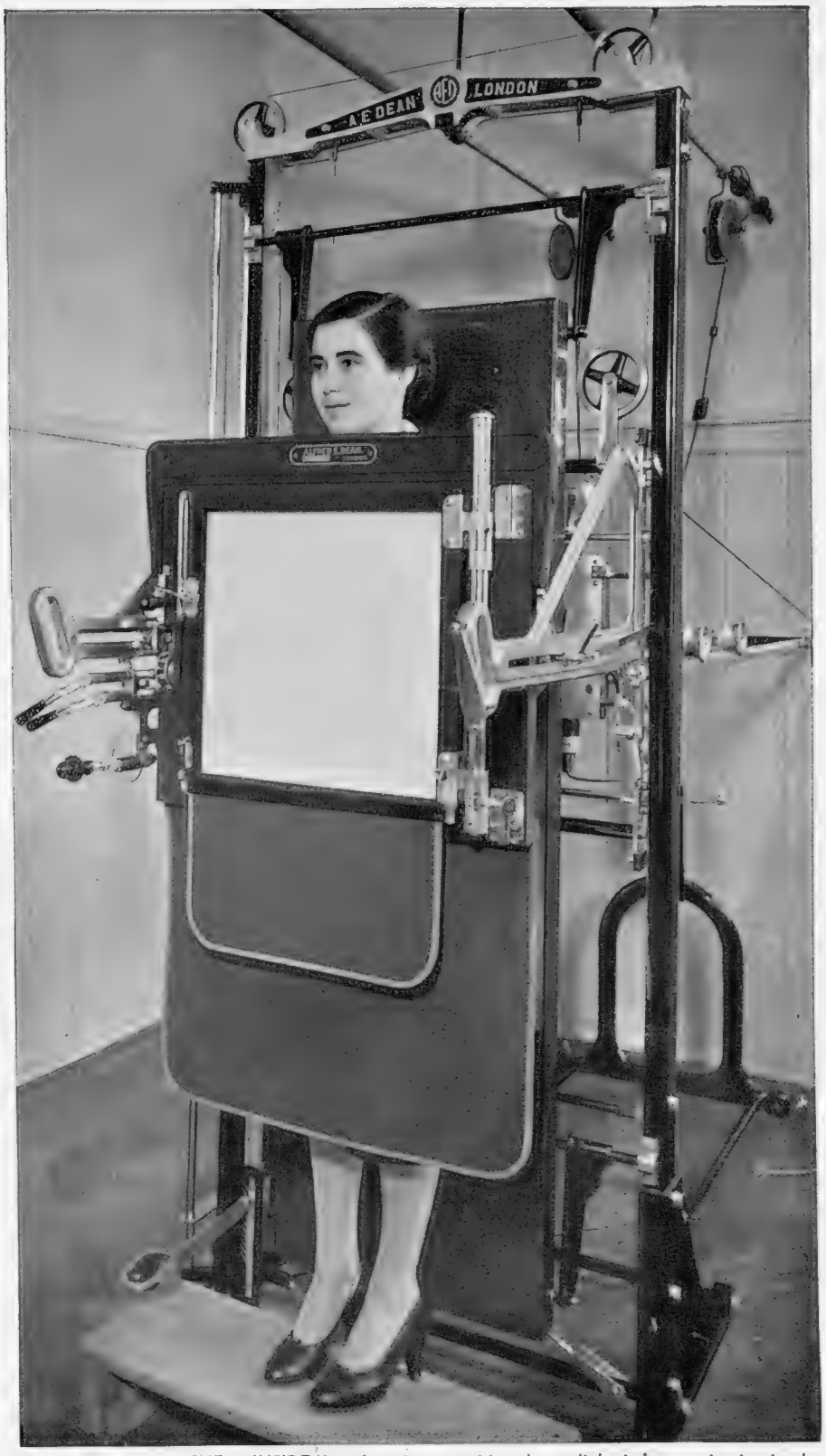
Above and on left—THE NEW TUTO DEEP X-RAY THER APPARATUS: The latest installation for treating tumo lesions, etc., which has recently been installed at Unive College Hospital, London, at a cost of £1,500. It is the m up-to-date equipment of its kind, and its great advantage that it can be adapted to any position, thus making it poss for the patient to recline at ease while undergoing treatm

INTERNAL PHOTOGRAPHY: A patient having a "radiogram" taken in the large diagnostic room on an apparatus that is shock proof and prevents scattered radiation, thus eliminating one of the prime causes of X-ray sickness and anæmia. The nurse standing at the control table on the left switches current on and off as each photographic exposure is made, while the st meshed grating in the background encloses a hundred thousand volt transfor

MERCY'S AID:

The Wonder X-Ray Equipment at University College Hospital

THE CANNON: An aptly-named X-Ray apparatus used at the hospital for dealing with abdominal tumours. Over 200,000 volts are employed to obtain the necessary penetrating power but, owing to its strength, filters are fitted to absorb the softer rays which would otherwise damage the skin and intervening tissues



A WINDOW ON THE "INSIDE": A patient, awaiting the radiologist's examination in the fluoroscopic stand which, when the room is darkened, reveals the internal organs and thus makes it possible for the expert to detect any abnormalities or foreign bodies in the system

A Centenary Appeal

Nearly 4,000 people were treated last year in the X-ray department alone at University College Hospital, and the rapid development of this side of the institution's work is already taxing the available accommodation and equipment to the utmost. As the hospital is now celebrating its centenary, an appeal is being made for £250,000 not only to aid the various departments in carrying on their work but to make possible much needed extensions

THE RADIOLOGIST MAKES HIS REPORT: Carrying out a detailed examination of the photographs taken in the diagnostic room, a task of immense responsibility. The stereoscopic apparatus on the left gives the pictures a rounded instead of a flat effect, thus aiding the doctor considerably in making his inspection. *(Pictures by William Davis, General Photographic Agency)*

PREPARING FOR THE 1936 OLYMPIAD: This giant bell, which is to be used at the forthcoming Olympic Games in Germany, has been cast at Bochum, the great steel production centre in the Ruhr, and was recently placed on public exhibition before being conveyed to Berlin

GERMANY'S RULING PASSION FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE: Members of the Sports Press Club giving a gymnastic display before eleven thousand spectators in the new Deutschland Hall in Berlin

CHESS FEVER IN HOLLAND: Enthusiasts at an Amsterdam club who, by duplicating on their own boards the moves recorded on a blackboard, followed the progress of the World Championship between Dr. Euwe and Dr. Alekhine, which resulted in the former wresting the title from the Russian master by fifteen and a half games to fourteen and a half. Dr. Alekhine, it may be remembered, defeated Capablanca in 1927 after a tremendous struggle

THE GANGSTERS OF OSS

A Dutch Chicago "Cleaned-up"

THE Palace of Justice in s'Hertogenbosch, capital of the Dutch Catholic province of Brabant, for the past few weeks has been the busiest criminal court in Holland. To the comfort of law-abiding folk, the proud satisfaction of the police force, and the delight of the Dutch Press, it has been feverishly convicting and sentencing at the rate, on occasions, of five or six a day, arrested members of the notorious Oss gang of murderers and thieves which, police efforts notwithstanding, has terrorised North Brabant for generations.

The history of the Oss gang and its final subjection should be intensely interesting to criminologists and students of police methods. The gang was to a large extent a family affair. The criminal instincts of its members have been traced back to some unwritten royal privilege, and leadership seems to have passed, over a period of sixty years at least, from father to son. In Oss itself the gang, whose members were well known, was referred to as "the family"; murderers, thieves, and incendiaries walked the streets in broad daylight, met at nights in drinking dens known to everyone, and treated the police as little more than a harmless nuisance.

Oss is a small industrial centre of some 16,000 inhabitants. It is a drab town, built up of grimy brick in the appallingly monotonous designs peculiar to industrialism at the end of last century. Shawled women, noisy children in woollen scarfs and wooden shoes, lounging youths at street corners, mangy dogs, smoke-begrimed crucifixes; and at both ends of the town a characteristic Dutch windmill. At the entrance to Oss, a barracks of the Marechaussee, an élite and militarised branch of the Dutch Police Force; and at the exit, a big farmhouse temporarily transformed into a second barracks—as if the drab little town were in a state of siege.

NEW-FOUND FREEDOM: Children of Oss, North Brabant who, now that the desperate local gang of cut-throats has been disbanded, can roam in safety on the outskirts of the town

That is a phase of Holland the average visitor rarely sees. In a land such as this, clean, restful, orderly, with the beauty of green fields and peasant occupations, a town such as this is almost incredible. To the Dutch, the name Oss became synonymous with crime. For years past, hardly a day has gone by without the newspapers recording some new murder, burglary, or incendiarism in Oss. Arrests were made, but as often as not no charge could be upheld. Witnesses, obviously with a knowledge of what had happened, could never be prevailed upon to open their mouths; and the Dutch legal system is such that the prosecution can do practically nothing on circumstantial evidence alone.

Recently, however, the scandal of Oss so disturbed the authorities that a Police Commissioner of some renown was given, it is said, a free hand to clean up the mess as he pleased. What his methods were have been hinted at often enough, and may have resembled methods popular on the other side of the Atlantic; but no one outside the cells of s'Hertogenbosch is likely to protest. One by one, the astonished gangsters of Oss found their wrists inside vicious little handcuffs. One by one, mysteries over ten years old were solved. Altogether, nearly fifty arrests have been made; and there are more to come.

The Police Commissioner, instead of receiving a reprimand for adopting measures contrary to traditional practice, was received, at the head of a column of smartly uniformed Marechaussee, by Queen Wilhelmina herself, and had pinned upon his breast the gold medal of the Order of Orange-Nassau.

That significance is confirmed by the trials at s'Hertogenbosch, three brutal murders (there were many others, but the evidence is not yet complete), a dozen cases of incendiarism in one of which a woman and two children were burned to death, scores of burglaries. A member of the gang was a well-known insurance agent, concentrating on burglary insurances for certain of the biggest Dutch insurance companies. He was the gang's principal tipster. The leader of the gang was a certain Peer de Bie, whose grandfather had terrified Oss in 1890; and another important member, who was responsible for planning out many of the larger jobs, was a woman known as "Pretty Ciska." Up to now, twenty-seven of the gang have been tried and convicted. The sentences have been heavy, but there being no capital punishment in Holland—it was already abolished in 1870—the murderers are not much worse off than the burglars.

A STREET OF ILL-FAME: The Berchemsche Road where many of the gangsters of Oss lived

"Do you feel safe now in Oss?" The question was put to a woman who served us with almond bread in a pastry shop of Oss. That started her. She told us all about Peer de Bie and his miserable sons — Soup-fat Toon, Frans the Grumbler, Peter the Bore, The Little Darling, and all the rest of the gang, with their explanatory nicknames. She told us of fights in the street — "right here, M'neer, right in front of my very eyes"—with the womenfolk handing out sharp knives to the men and shouting: "Cut 'im up in bits, Piet! Cut 'im up in bits!"

There is no doubt that Oss feels relieved. The little children can play once more in the open spaces at the end of the town, and if simple, law-abiding folk are still a little afraid of lonely roads after dark, that is only because of habit. Oss has been cleaned up. Its gang can do no more harm for a good many years. There is but one fear.

Crime in Oss has a strong, hereditary flavour. In front of the big Catholic Church is a monument to the Blessed Virgin, Protectress of Oss. It was erected there in 1894 in fulfilment of a vow made when the priest and his flock begged the help of Our Lady in an effort, made under the direction of the Church, to clean up just such a gang of murderers, thieves, and incendiaries as that which the Police Commissioner has just brought to trial. And heading the list of the 1894 gang are many of the names which head the 1935 list, with a de Bie then, as now, the biggest ruffian of them all.

R. E.

THE GREAT FROST . . . AND FOG : *The Eve of the Holidays in Town and Country*

WINTER SPORT NORTH OF THE BORDER : A general view of the scene during the Bonspiel (curling competition) held on Carsebreck Loch, Perthshire, on Christmas Eve and attended by some 2,800 curlers who had come from all parts of Scotland. At the start there were 6 inches of ice, but the thaw set in so rapidly that it was only just possible to finish before the rink became unsafe for further play

A REAL OLD-FASHIONED SNOW SCENE : An ancient timbered cottage at Didcot, Berkshire, rendered even more picturesque by the fall of snow which occurred just before the start of the holidays and gave the countryside a really seasonable aspect

THE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS ON LINGAY FEN, CAMBRIDGESHIRE : Competitors, officials, and skaters seen on the ice before the start of racing on the Monday of Christmas week, when the contest for the Duddleston Cup took place. This amateur event of one mile provided some excellent sport, and the winner was G. W. Spry, of Aldwych

WHAT THE FROST CAN DO : Christmas Eve on Bushey Heath, Watford, where the frost was so severe that it gave the impression there had been a heavy fall of snow

LONDON'S BLACK-OUT : Ludgate Hill in darkness during the luncheon hour on the Monday of Christmas week, when the city was shrouded by the worst fog of the year

Britain experienced an assortment of weather conditions over the holidays, frost, hail, sleet, snow, and fog ushering in the festive season, only to be succeeded by a Boxing Day that was mild in the extreme. Few travellers will quickly forget the black-out on the Monday and Tuesday, but it was demonstrated that late trains and disorganised bus services can sometimes be treated lightheartedly especially when the Christmas spirit is abroad.

BEHIND THE LINES IN ABYSSINIA

Sidelights on the Long-Drawn-Out Struggle—In the Wake of the Dessie Air Raid—A Funeral at Addis Ababa

IN THE HEART OF THE BLACK EMPIRE: A glimpse through precipitous cliffs at Debra Birhan of typically rugged country on the caravan route between Addis Ababa and Dessie, and giving an idea of the natural obstacles the Italians will have to overcome at a later stage of their perilous advance into the interior. At some points even mules find the foothold precarious

On left—WIDOW'S WEEDS—ABYSSINIAN VERSION: A headdress of extravagant proportions worn at the funeral by the wife of a warrior killed during skirmishing in Tigré

On right—HARVEST TIME IN THE HIGHLANDS: The countryside round Addis Ababa is glowing with golden corn and the comparatively few natives not on active service are having an immense task in bringing in the crops which are badly needed to fill the depleted military granaries

)F THE ITALIAN DESCENT ON DESSIE: Men being attended to by rs of the Red Cross after the bombing of the town a short while ago--a ich coincided with the visit of the Emperor Haile Selassie and resulted in the destruction of the American hospital. The first aid arrangements there are in the hands of Dr. Valentin Schuppler, an Austrian, and it is reported that financial assistance is being provided by Lady Barton, wife of Sir Sydney Barton (British Minister to Addis Ababa)

NATIVE TROOPS OF COLONIAL EAST AFRICA

The Defence Forces of British Somaliland, Italian Somaliland, and Tanganyika

WEIGHING "POSHO": Men of the King's African Rifles, the East African defence force recruited from natives and officered by regular army officers seconded from their regiments, dividing out rations at a camp in Tanganyika. Their diet consists for the most part of flour, rice, beans, ghee, and salt

AN IMPORTANT FRONTIER POST: Fort Gerrowei, a typical mud-built stronghold on the borders of British Somaliland and Italian Somaliland. It is protected by barbed wire and is situated at a well where water can be obtained all the year round, no matter how sparse the rainfall in the surrounding countryside

"HOUSE" PROUD: Two Askaris (native troops) seated outside the huts which had won them the two prizes offered for the most decorative dwellings erected in one of the camps of a detachment of the King's African Rifles. The diagonal pattern evidently appealed particularly to the committee of judges

THE DARK INVADERS: An N.C.O. of Italy's regular Colonial forces with "Banda," or irregular levies, who are called up in times of crisis. Both types are at present serving in General Graziani's southern army which is now engaged in advancing into Ethiopia across the Italian Somaliland border

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT! An Askari and two drummer boys of the King's African Rifles. The latter had only just enlisted and had walked 220 miles to the recruiting station—a journey they regarded as nothing out of the ordinary

GUARDIANS OF THE FRONTIER: Men recruited from the tribes of British Somaliland for the purpose of patrolling the borders and preventing raids on the wells by the natives of Ethiopia. They are noted for their great loyalty

HOW THEY SPENT CHRISTMAS

Britain in Festive Mood

THE GARTH AT WOKINGHAM: The famous Berks, Surrey, and Hampshire pack moving off to draw after the Boxing Day meet in the main square of the town; a day when most hunts attempt to provide entertainment for the vast army of foot-followers, and seldom go very far afield until the afternoon

CHRISTMAS CARGO: Men of the Kentish Knock Lightship, which is over 25 miles from land and in the centre of the Thames estuary, with the provisions sent them by the people of Walton-on-the-Naze and taken out to them in the Walton lifeboat

IT'S AN OLD COTSWOLD CUSTOM: The mummers who, in accordance with tradition, give a performance every Boxing Day in the streets of Marshfield, Gloucestershire. They are pictured here setting out with the local crier

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEEDY: Mr. A. J. Manaton, the Mayor of Barnstaple, giving Christmas parcels to children at the annual yuletide distribution in the Pannier Market. The gifts are provided by the local tradesmen

CAROL SINGING AT FINSBURY TOWN HALL: The Lord Mayor's Boy Players giving one of their Christmas recitals. This choir, which was originally organised in 1419, frequently sings at City banquets and at various London churches

"TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY": Anglers who enjoyed some good sport on Boxing Day when taking part in the annual Christmastide fishing competition on the pier at Clacton-on-Sea, Essex. Several of the competitors were women

AS usual most roads led homewards on December 24, and undeterred by fog and snow, untroubled by the only to be expected vagaries of the transport services, tens of thousands rejoined their families for a Christmas spent for the most part by the hearthside. Boxing Day, however, brought with it warm, almost springlike weather and in most parts of the country those who felt impelled towards the open air were able to enjoy themselves no wit less than those who patronised the cinemas, the circus, and the theatres, where King Pantomime was beginning his brief but exhilarating reign.

AN IDEAL HIGHWAY LIGHTING SYSTEM: An arterial road where the principle has been applied that it is the surface and not the objects upon it that should be illuminated, thus throwing the last named into bold relief and doing much to assist the motorist

By CHARLES GRAVES

WEEK after week the toll of the roads has been mounting—with the peak hour for accidents between 5.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m., when dusk has fallen. Thus all the Belisha Beacons, Boulevard stops, and speed restrictions in the world are proving only a minor factor in the prevention of night accidents. Apparently there are no statistics available to show what proportion of traffic passes between nightfall and dawn along Watling Street, for example, compared with the daytime traffic. But it is well known that road transport between London and Birmingham is flowing for twenty-four hours a day. Sooner or later the Ministry of Transport will be compelled to realise that compulsory lighting of such arterial roads has become a paramount consideration.

Every year more than £20,000,000 is subscribed to the Road Fund. Time and again this money, which on all moral grounds should be devoted exclusively to the needs of motorists, is appropriated or withheld for other purposes. Experts have worked out that it would cost £3,500,000 to produce good street lighting in all the classified roads in county boroughs and one-fifth of the classified roads in the counties. Surely that sum ought to be taken from the Road Fund and used in this way.

A few days ago the Interim Report of the Departmental Committee on Street Lighting was issued under the auspices of the Ministry of Transport. The greatest care was taken in securing the most exhaustive information from all kinds of extracts over a period of fifteen months. But unless some action is taken in connection with it, it will die the usual death of Interim Reports of Departmental Committees.

Remarkable disclosures are made in it. For example, on thirty-one miles of a much-used Class 1 road, of which twenty-one miles are in built-up areas (all lying in the same county), no fewer than nineteen different lighting systems are in use. What is more, these are controlled by twenty-four different authorities; while in some built-up areas no lighting whatsoever is provided.

Another case is cited in this Report in which there are twenty-seven varying standards of lighting ranging from reasonable adequacy to none at all on thirteen miles of a modern arterial road just outside London. Yet another case concerns a road popularly used as an exit from Central London. Five authorities control the lighting of four miles of the route, the lamp standards varying in height from 10 ft. to 22 ft., and the distance between the lamps from 15 yards to 130 yards. In some sections the posts are confined to one side of the road, and in others a staggered arrangement has been adopted, while the standard of lighting is described as anything from excellent to bad.

How bad street lighting can be may be judged from an interesting table of illumination values prepared by Mr. Clifford Paterson, one of the greatest lighting experts in the country. Taking sunshine as equivalent to 8,000 units, we descend the scale by way of ordinary daylight (700 units) past dusk (which is three), to street lighting considered reasonably good to-day (one-fifth of a unit). Moonlight is reckoned at about one-fiftieth part of a unit, whilst many of our badly lighted streets can boast of only half moonlight value.

All this leads up to the obvious conclusion that there must be reasonable quality and uniformity in the lighting of traffic routes, and that abrupt variations in the type and standard of lighting should be prohibited.

Without going into technicalities, it would appear that the majority of the witnesses examined during the compilation of this Report consider that the minimum standard of lighting to be aimed at in important roads is one which will enable drivers to proceed with safety at thirty miles an hour without the use of headlights; and they were agreed on the fatigue to drivers and the dangers both to them and to the pedestrians caused by non-uniform lighting systems.

Having got thus far, it is perhaps time that we investigated the form of lighting which should be used. The layman—in fact, almost every firm which has had to do with street lighting—has, with one or two notable exceptions, approached the problem from the wrong angle. In other words, it has been customary to tackle street lighting just as though it were merely on a bigger scale than the lighting of a house or any other interior. The research workers of the General Electric Company are admirable exceptions. They have long ago ceased to regard a road as a kind of long thin room, and, after due research in their laboratories, they have gone out and made practical experiments on the road. In this they have the advantage of East Lane, Wembley, where every sort of lantern is tried out under practical conditions. Their work has led to some extremely interesting conclusions.

If you ask the average man why we have street lamps he will probably say that their purpose is to light up objects on the road. This is exactly wrong. The purpose of street lamps is to light the road surface—and not the objects on that road surface. Indeed, the less light falling on the objects themselves, the more sharply will they stand out in contrast with the bright road surface, and therefore the better for everybody's safety for the motorist sees by contrast — a contrast which both by day and by good street lighting, is normally that of dark objects against a lighter background. He views the road from a glancing angle, being only 4 ft. or 5 ft. above the road surface, and is interested in objects seen against a piece of road perhaps 100 yards away. The result is that even a black road takes on a sheen against which obstacles appear as dark silhouettes, and the road no longer looks black.

It is difficult to lay down a rigid method of measuring visibility on a street. All that can be said with certainty is that if the street surface has a high even brightness without any dark patches, then any object will be clearly silhouetted against it. How can this effect be measured, and how can it be reproduced with certainty by night? At the General Electric Laboratories at Wembley they have an instrument called a photometer for measuring the light which falls on a street. Unfortunately it was soon found that this gave but little indication of the quantity of light coming from the street to the eye of the road user. Something was needed to measure the actual brightness of the road surface so the scientists promptly invented a brightness meter.

Above and below— BROWN-C the most modern met Many motorists pas

Their measurements showed that light on a road behaves very like a tennis ball. If you throw it straight down it bounces up in the air and never reaches the observer. To get the best results you must throw it along the road at a glancing angle so that it bounces towards the observer thus making the whole roadway appear as a ribbon of light. In this way any point under a street lamp must derive its brightness from the next street lamp perhaps a 100 yards farther away from the observer, and not be lit by the lamp immediately above it.

Of course light will bounce better off some roads than off others. For the degree of polish and the resulting reflection from the road surface will vary with age and the amount of traffic. Moreover the tar and bituminous materials commonly employed as binders for the stone chippings used in surface dressing are black, and are inclined to wor over the surface—with the result that however light in colou the chippings may have been initially, the whole surface tend to darken as time goes on. But that is a problem that may never be solved.

Meantime, the height and the posting of street lamps is of th greatest importance; and if you read the Interim Repor to which I have already referred you will find definite con clusions on these points. The placing of lamps should b studied with a view to securing the best visibility, even thoug

THE VITAL STREET LIGHTING PROBLEM

The Necessity for an Adequate and Uniform System if the Toll of the Road is to be Materially Reduced

(Pictures by the General Electric Co., Ltd.)

this may mean that the spacing will not be uniform. Lamps should be placed on the outside of the curve at bends, and artificial backgrounds provided where necessary. Above all, there should be a reasonable uniformity in the lighting of different portions of traffic routes presenting similar characteristics. Finally, the Report suggests that Lighting Authorities should be advised by an official who is competent to deal with street lighting instead of some individual whose primary concern may be with some quite unrelated activity such as fire fighting or the disposal of sewage.

The truth of the matter is that the Government will be compelled sooner or later to create the post of Street Lighting

AMERICA SHOWS THE WAY: The effective lighting system installed on the much used Route No. 422 by the General Electric Company and the Ohio Highways Department. The illuminations extend for a distance of several feet over the kerb and the lamps are suspended from the centre of the road

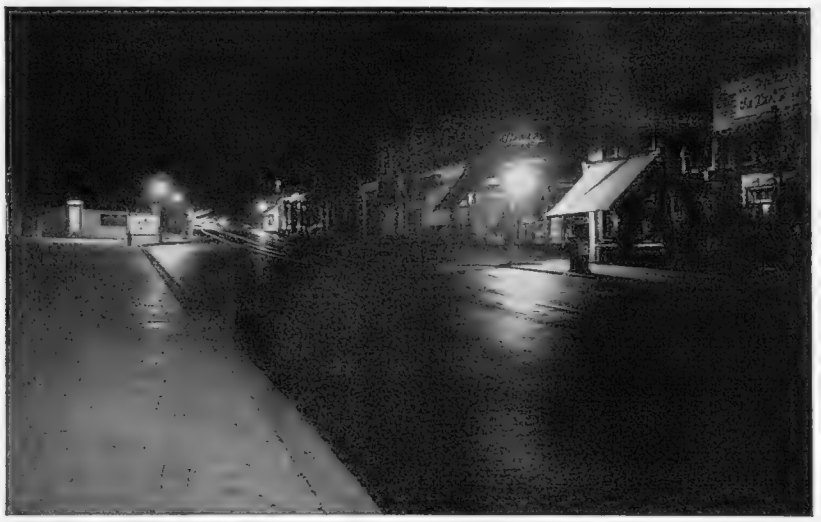
-OAD, CATFORD, BY DAY AND NIGHT: Two pictures of a thoroughfare where f street lighting are in operation, and the surface is clearly visible for yards ahead. rough this part of London have been impressed by the excellence of the system

Pictures by courtesy of the General Electric Co., Ltd.

Dictator. It will be the devil of a job. He will have to consider the possibility of securing grants from national funds administered by the responsible government department both for the lighting of our national routes and for assisting those local authorities through whose areas our traffic arteries run. He will have to co-ordinate all kinds of authorities, and he will have to ensure that their lighting systems are adequate, efficient, and uniform. He will presumably agree with the conclusions of the Ministry of Transport Committee as to the best arrangement of lamp posts and see that the most modern improvements in technique are put into practice.

One of the reasons why outdoor lighting has lagged so far behind indoor lighting is the matter of expense. Light costs money. The larger the space to be lit, the more light is required; and outdoor spaces are much larger than indoor spaces. Luckily, the street lighting Dictator will have at his disposal lamps, recently invented, such as the high pressure mercury vapour lamp giving two or three times the amount of light for a penny compared with the best street lighting lamp in the past. Finally he will establish the principle that, although the selection of road surfacing materials may have to be governed primarily by other considerations, regard should be had to their colour and reflection characteristics.

The present Minister of Transport has shown originality and vigour in his fight against death on our roads but nothing except good street lighting can reduce the night accident hazard. Money is available to make our roads as safe by night as by day. In their engineering construction they are the envy of Europe, and there is no reason why their lighting should not set a standard to the rest of the world.



FIAT LUX: Two views of a street in South-east London showing (*above*) how it formerly appeared with dangerous, patchy lighting, liable to confuse both motorist and pedestrian, and (*below*) as it is now with shadow-free lighting

MOVING ARMAGEDDON'S RECORDS

The Task of Transferring 10,000 Exhibits from South Kensington to the new Imperial War Museum at Lambeth

By JEROME WILLIS

STOREHOUSE OF BRITAIN'S WAR RELICS: The famous Bethlem Royal Hospital, the oldest institution in the world for the treatment of persons of unsound mind, has now been moved into the country and the building it formerly occupied becomes the Imperial War Museum. It was opened in 1815 but the dome was added over thirty years later. *On left*—Wooden horses, for the display of military accoutrements, being placed in position at the new museum

A FORMER mental hospital in Lambeth that German bombs miraculously missed in the Autumn and Winter of 1917, is to be the future home of the Imperial War Museum.

The bombs dropped in the grounds and terrified patients heard their impact and wondered if every subsequent minute was to be their last. To-day, a plaque stands in the hall, thanking the Providence that guided the bombs harmlessly into soil . . . and spared the building to house the records of Armageddon.

It is the Bethlem Hospital, a dignified, early nineteenth-century building, which stands in the Geraldine Mary Harmsworth Park, in Lambeth Road.

Vacated now over four years ago by the hospital which has moved down to Kent, it is one of the most prominent buildings in the surrounding district, and from the roof commands a fine view of the great London landmarks, including Big Ben, the Crystal Palace, and St. Paul's.

The interior is now in the course of being completely rebuilt; its lofty halls are being painted a dove-grey throughout, and while the decorators are hard at work daily, vans pull up at the back entrance, and a pile of grim war relics emerges as the War Museum disgorges itself into its new home.

Here is the uniform of a famous war airman, Captain Ball, V.C.; an ugly-looking shell top; a case containing a model of the Ypres trenches, and the parts of a great howitzer which once belched forth fire over the Western front.

Some of the rooms are ready to take the exhibits, and a complete scheme of room-planning has been arranged, but the moving will be a long job. Officials estimate that its duration will be seven months at least. Thus it is unlikely that the museum, except for the library and records section, will be re-opened before July 1936.

In the big hall close to the entrance, the upper part of the original Cenotaph will stand; the monument that was temporarily placed in Whitehall, before a permanent stone was thought of.

Altogether there are over 10,000 pieces to pack or dismantle and transfer from the wing of the Imperial Institute, where they are at present housed.

They include every available record of the War, from the gun of *H.M.S. Chester*, which marks the incident by which Jacky Cornwell won his V.C. to the book-case containing the dull-grey volumes, giving the names and units of Britain's million dead.

This is, perhaps, one of the moving records in the museum—ungarnished, but grim in its brevity:

"Private ———, son of ———, killed Ypres (buried Tynecot Cemetery)."

"Lieut. ——— son of ——— crashed enemy lines, near Albert (buried Ponièvres Cemetery)."

"Leading Seaman ———, son of ———, died of malaria, Mudros (buried East Lemnos Cemetery)."

Originally founded by the War Cabinet in 1917 to record the facts of the war for future generations, and sprouting from a few rooms in Pimlico, where the first exhibits were stored, the Imperial War Museum has had three moves. First to the Crystal Palace, where it was a Bank Holiday attraction in the immediate post-war years, until the lease lapsed, and then to South Kensington.

Here, owing to the restricted space allotted, much of its material had to be disposed of. A dummy 18 in. gun crossed the Atlantic on permanent loan; aeroplanes were sent to Cardington, while one, a giant German bomber was disposed of to an East End dealer for a little over £3.

Now the lease at South Kensington has run out, and the Museum is seeking a more permanent home in Lambeth.

Now, with more extensive quarters, a lot of material will be returned to swell the exhibits. A special gallery alone will be allotted to aeronautical exhibits, and here will be shown a B.E. 2C. and Bristol Fighter, the former of which was among the first aircraft to carry British airmen into action.

These recall homely memories to ex-R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. men, while to modern airmen, they may provide examples of "what queer things they flew in the great war."

To-day the halls in South Kensington resound to hammering and huge guns are being dismantled for

(*Continued on p. 34*)

A MOTOR CYCLE MACHINE-GUN: An exhibit arriving at the new Museum

On right—THE AERO EXHIBITION HALL: Mechanics reassembling a Bristol fighter used by a British officer when bringing down a Zeppelin during an air-raid over London

THE COLLEGE YOUTHS OF ST. PAUL'S

Who Rang in 1936

AS THE OLD YEAR PASSES: Members of the Ancient Society of College Youths who rang the famous bells of St. Paul's on New Year's Eve. This Society, which will celebrate its tercentenary in a year's time, is somewhat inaptly named as most of the ringers are men of considerable experience who regard campanology as their spare-time hobby. Near the cathedral they have their own clubroom

THREE CENTURIES OF HISTORY: The president of the Society showing two new members the old book in which the records are kept. They date back to 1637

IN SOLEMN SESSION: A meeting of the College Youths in their clubroom near St. Paul's. The president, wearing a badge of office, is seated on the right, and in front of him is the Society's plate

AT PRACTICE AND ON DUTY: *Left*—Leading lights of the Society rehearsing with hand-bells in their clubroom. *Right*—Two of the older members following the work of a younger colleague with close attention on a Sunday evening in the belfry of St. Paul's. This is said to be the finest peal in the world, and the twelve bells now in use were cast at Loughborough, and first rang on All Saints' Day, 1878. The largest of them, weighing 3 tons, has to be manned by two people

AMONG THE BEST BOOKS OF 1935

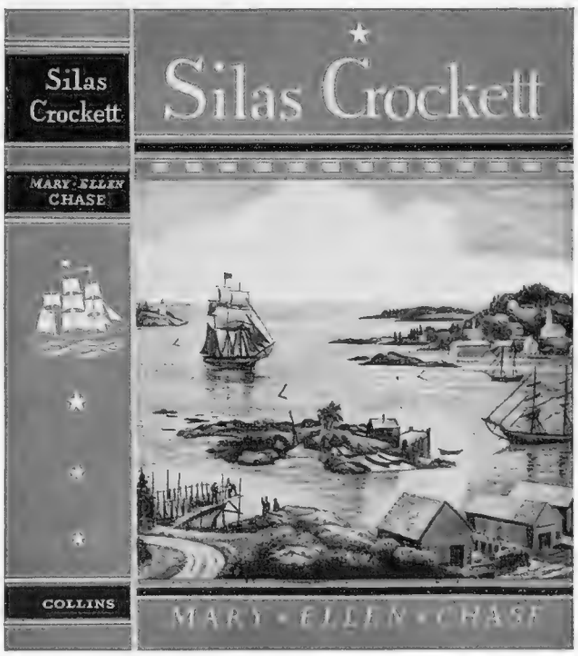
Some Outstanding Successes and Some Personal Preferences Recalled

By VERNON FANE

JUBILEE year, and a year of records. The avalanche of books, for instance, has broken bounds again. As I write the figures are not yet out, but I predict another record for 1935 in the volume of new books published.

The last time it happened (precisely, last year) Mr. Hugh Walpole wrote an interesting examination of causes, with some suggestions for a cure, but for some months now the voice of the Walpole has been silent in the literary land: he is surveying and conquering another art, from a peak in Hollywood. It always seems to me that these repeated exhortations to restrict output neglect the important fact that the actual number of book readers has steadily increased in the past few years. Look at the growth of the twopenny libraries, serving districts where before there was no such thing, or at the most an inefficient public library. Consider the swollen stacks of cheap books upon the railway bookstalls. The twopenny libraries have grown up like mushrooms; the bookstalls giving more and more space to books because the *demand* has dictated it.

Publishers are not fools: to survive they must be good business men. Each year more books are published because each year they are more in demand. I am aware that as the flood increases the standard tends to drop, but isn't it too much to hope that because the public demands more and more novels Jane Austens or J. B. Priestleys will spring from every bush? If they eat up the bad novels published it is because there are not enough good ones to satisfy them. The remedy, surely, is with the public, and as long as it prefers to read a bad novel twice a week than a good one every few months there will always be found publishers to provide them and novelists to write them.



ROMANCE OF THE SEA: Maitland de Gorgoza's jacket design for Mary Ellen Chase's new book, *Silas Crockett*—the story of four generations of a Maine seafaring family—which has just been published by W. Collins, Son, and Company and has been chosen as *The Evening Standard* Book of the Month. The author's previous novel, it may be remembered, was one of the outstanding successes of last year

How easily, when discussing the public taste, one slips into the assumption that the novel is the most popular form. Overwhelmingly it is, and has been so for many long years. In the figures the novel still holds an enormous lead over all other forms of literature. Yet the figures reveal another interesting fact, and that is what the publishers call "general" books—biography, autobiography, memoirs, travel, adventure, and the like are on the increase. (Essays, poetry, and *belles lettres* still, alas! lag sadly behind.)

Up to now we have been discussing the number of books published, but if we examine roughly the number of books *sold* (taking the "best sellers" as our guide) we will be astonished to find how much the pre-eminence of the novel has been shaken during the year under review. Headed by that whale of a book, *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, by T. E. Lawrence, non-fiction books have this year commanded sales on a scale never before experienced. It marks a significant trend in contemporary literature, but it is the purpose of this article to record and not to examine it.

Surveying the year I find the book that caused the greatest sensation was *The Seven Pillars*. Fascinated perhaps by the Lawrence legend the public went for it, cheerfully paying several times the price of an ordinary novel. A lot of it must have been perplexing to a lot of its buyers (some of whom might have derived more pleasure from the same author's masterly translation of *The Odyssey*, published by the Oxford University Press), but they may comfort themselves upon the indubitable possession of one of the greatest books of a decade.

Early in the year there appeared a highly original book of memoirs, not too attractively titled *In Search of History*, by Vincent Sheehan, and it justly became an instantaneous success. On the same unconventional lines, vivid personalia from a brilliant pen came later on, *The Way of a Transgressor*, by Negley Farson. Then there was Walter Duranty's *I Write as I Please*, exciting, authoritative, the record of a man reporting history as it was made. They are all journalists, these men, living their lives fearlessly, dangerously, in a troubled world, seeking news and setting down in these books that news which remains news, called history. The public has given their records an eager welcome.

Immensely popular in the States, but a little slower over here, was Ann Lindbergh's *North to the Orient*, captivating by its simple charm readers for whom the pioneering work of the author and her husband form an enthralling tale. Two more epic tales of the Arctic came in the story of *Gino Watkins*, a book which is sure of a place in the imperishable records, and *The Voyage of the Chelyuskin*, an example, by the way, of collectivism run to authorship as well as heroism.

Of the other outstanding travel books I choose as the best, *Out of the World*, by Pamela Bourne. This young lady not only shipped before the mast in a grain ship, but has a lively and gracious pen with which to describe her adventures. So has Mr. David Footman, whose *Balkan Holiday* was a sheer joy in out-of-the-way travel, and who has a keener sense of humour than most literary travellers. The Hon. Theodora Benson is already a practised novelist, but she has written a lively and extremely readable travel book in *Unambitious Journey*.

One cannot survey the big general books of the year without remembering the further volume of Mr. Lloyd George's *War Memoirs*, nor the storm it created, followed closely by the big guns that were opened upon it by the publication of Mr. Duff Cooper's *Haig*. Less contentious and written with charm and dignity, embodying all those qualities which have brought him universal respect and honour in public life, was Sir Austen Chamberlain's *Down the Years*. One of the most moving newspaper articles I have read for years was Lord Beaverbrook's panegyric, inspired by this book.

Great Churchmen have also been the subject of biographies. Dr. Prestige's *Life of Bishop Gore* was held to be a model of good writing upon a life deliberately walked in the paths of controversy. Archbishop Davidson's was a full, authoritative and definitive biography.

For the purest pleasure in their craft (and in their different ways) I choose Miss Marjorie Bowen and Mr. Peter Quennell, both of whom chose historical subjects to present from a personal angle. Mr. Quennell's *Byron* easily comes within my six best books of the year, and Miss Bowen's *Patriotic Lady* closely follows it. In them I find a justification of that alleged sage who exhorted us to read no history, nothing but biography, for that is life without theory.

Among those six best books I emphatically place Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's *Don Fernando*. When Mr. Maugham's not inconsiderable place in letters comes finally to be estimated it will surely be found that in *Don Fernando* is some of his finest work. That sensitive stylist, H. M. Tomlinson, reveals himself to be deeply stirred in *Mars: His Idiot*, and when an artist gets going on the subject of war the rest of us must take notice.

A book which refuses classification, but certainly is not fiction, is the story of a Norfolk poacher, told in his own language. All who love the country for reasons unconnected with down-the-garden-pathery, who are grateful for contact with a type as yet un-B.B.C.-ised, sturdy, independent, humorous, and very wise, have been grateful that Miss Lilias Rider Haggard was able to bring *I Walked by Night* to a delighted public. More sophisticated but on an original note of its own, and quite without the sentimentality that spoils so many such books, was the story of a City man's discovery of the country in *Pigeon Hoo*, by Franklyn Lushington. In the same vein was Lady Fortescue's *Perfume of Provence*, a book I personally enjoyed very much.

Also defying classification was Miss Pamela Frankau's *I Find Four People*, a book which raised the general standard of the memoirs of the rather young to a new level. If among the autobiographies I have left *Borzoi* by Igor Schwezoff until now it is because it is outside the domestic scene: but it is easily among the best of the year.

Last but not least among the non-fiction works I commend *Artifex*, by Richard Aldington and *In Praise of Idleness*, by Bertrand Russell. Of Earl Russell one can only opine, with Johnson, that he strides so far ahead that he dwindles in the distance. If he is indiscernible to the makers of best sellers he is a powerful and disturbing stimulant to the discriminating. Mr. Aldington is a scholar, a poet and a novelist; in *Artifex* he ranges over a variety of subjects revealing himself also as an essayist with an individual philosophy.

As the best work of fiction published during 1935 I unhesitatingly choose *The Harsh Voice*, by Rebecca West. I have not always been happy about Miss West's fiction, and now it seems that the long short story, or *nouvelle*, is exactly the medium suited to her genius. For genius is the only word for it. The *nouvelle* is not, in English, a popular form, presenting technical difficulties to publishers and magazine editors; yes, and even greater ones to writers. *The Harsh Voice* was a triumph, revealing an almost perfect mastery of form and technique in the most difficult of media.

The year produced no runaway success on the same scale as say, *The Good Companions*, or *Anthony Adverse*. The most widely popular were perhaps Lady Eleanor Smith's *Tzigane*, Dr. A. J. Cronin's *The Stars Look Down*, and Mr. Francis Brett Young's *White Ladies*. Mr. Hugh Walpole, bereft of his beloved Herries, spread himself and his gifts generously in *The Inquisitor*, the Poet Laureate returned to the writing of novels, and to the sea, with *Victorious Troy*, and Miss G. B. Stern to her Rakonitz chronicles with *Shining and Free*.

A war book by an American, Mr. Humphrey Cobb, caused something of a stir in the spring. *Paths of Glory* recalled a famous (or perhaps infamous) happening on the French front, and by its power attracted a great deal of attention. The war on another front was the subject of Mr. Stephen Graham's *Balkan Monastery*, a book that will not easily be forgotten.

The Ides of March were fully come when there appeared a book which I have read more than once since. *National Velvet* by Enid Bagnold stands in a class by itself. Of the author of *Serena Blandish* I have only space to use that overworked word inimitable.

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse is a hardy annual, sometimes bi-annual; and let all good men and true praise his industry, for we would take a gloomy view of many months without a new Wodehouse. Yet *The Luck of the Bodkins* startled even the most hardened lookers-forward-to-Wodehouse, for the master was here revealed at his sparkling best. Even Bloomsbury gurgled to many columns of what is known as the higher criticism, and the multiple reviewers found something new to say.

Best among the Americans was that old Nobel prizewinner, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, with a white-hot blasting indictment of tyrannical dictatorship, entitled *It Can't Happen Here*. With an immense gusto, vitality, and hundreds of thousands of words, the author of *Look Homeward, Angel*, Mr. Thomas Wolfe, followed up with *Of Time and the River*. The discriminating place Mr. Wolfe right in the front rank.

Among the foreign books there was Mr. B. Traven's *Government*, but lacking the promise of *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*, and Herr Feuchtwanger's *The Jew of Rome*, but without, I fear, the qualities which made *Jew Süss* a success.

Among the specialised fiction the most pronounced stir was made by Mr. Joseph Shearing's *Angel of the Assassination*, a novel based on the story of Charlotte Corday. In a field which he has made particularly his own Mr. Henry Williamson scored a big success with *Salar the Salmon*. Ireland was well served by Lord Dunsany's *Up in the Hills*; a novel by a fine writer, and one which I was glad to see heading the best-seller lists. Miss M. J. Farrell's *Full House* was another Irish novel which attracted a wide sale. Outstanding among the thrillers was Miss Dorothy Sayers' *Gaudy Night*.

New writers who stepped straight into the limelight with first novels were Mr. Anthony Thorne with *Delay in the Sun*, Mr. Carl Fallas with *The Wooden Pillow*, and Miss Margaret Lane with *Faith, Hope, No Charity*, which, in spite of its clumsy title, I take to be the best of them. Mr. Herbert Read is an old literary hand, but I read with quiet enjoyment his first attempt at fiction in *The Green Child*.

To return to my best six books, I must find a place for *The Jury*, by Mr. Gerald Bullett. Here is a writer whom I am glad to find at last achieving the popularity he richly deserves.

"And Lovely is the Silvery Scene When Faint the Sun-beams Smile"

The River Fillan flowing past the base of snow-clad Ben More and Stobinian—a delightful winter camera study from Perthshire

WINTER AT WHIPSNADE

Wolves prowling in the snow at the famous Bedfordshire open-air zoo where there was a heavy fall just before Christmas

GILBERT and SULLIVAN HERE AGAIN

Members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company who are now Appearing at Golders Green

THE DUKE OF PLAZA TORO

LITTLE BUTTERCUP

DON ALHAMBRA del BOLERO

Martyn Green (left) *in "The Gondoliers," Dorothy Gill* (centre) *in "H.M.S. Pinafore," and Sydney Granville* (right) *in "The Gondoliers"—three leading lights of the ever-popular D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, which only a short while ago returned from a triumphant American tour and is now delighting audiences at the Golders Green Hippodrome. On January 20 they will be going on to Streatham Hill Theatre*

ONE OF THE GAY GONDOLIERS: Leslie Rands makes a handsome Giuseppe

SOLDIERS THREE: Darrell Fancourt, John Dean, and Frank Steward in a scene from *Patience*

A BRILLIANT "MARCO": Charles Goulding as another of the Gondoliers

THE LOWLY TAR BECOMES A CAPTAIN: Robert Wilson as Ralph Rackstraw, the hero of *Pinafore*

A NEW SAVOYARD SOPRANO: Doreen Denny as the strolling singer in *The Yeomen of the Guard*

LOVELY TO LOOK AT, DELIGHTFUL TO HEAR: Kathleen Frances as Casilda in *The Gondoliers*

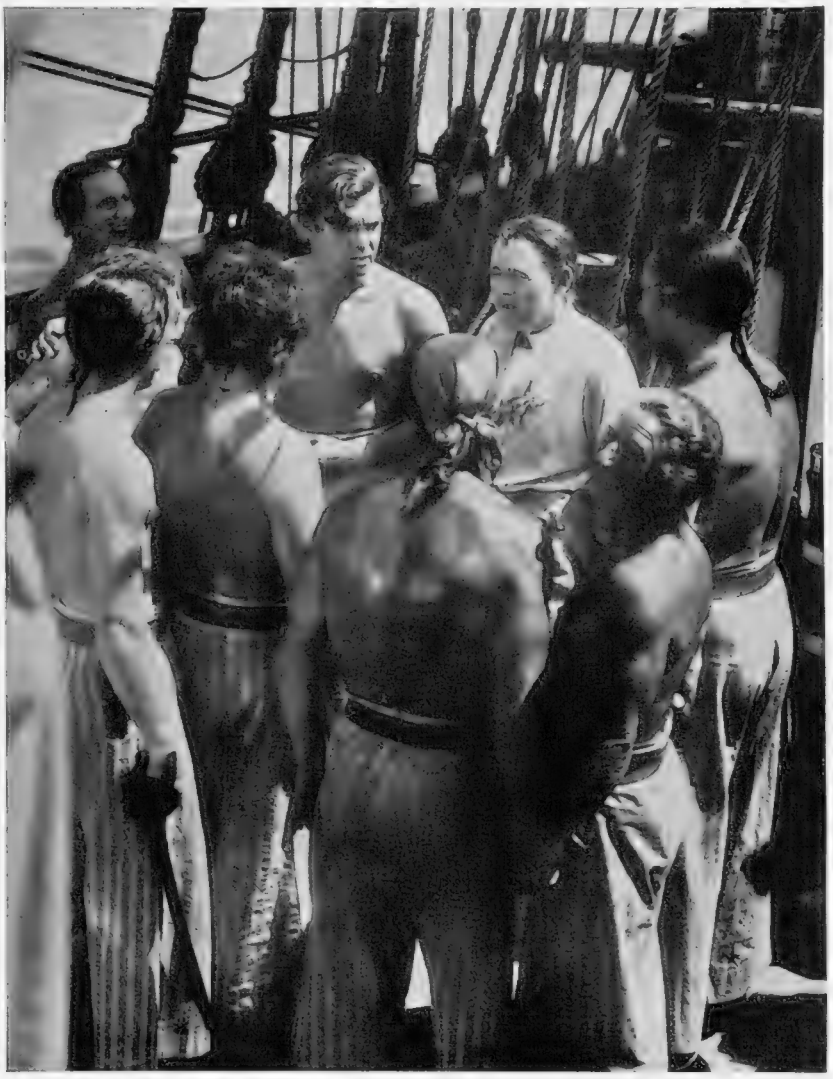
SHE'S A RAPTUROUS MAIDEN: Marjorie Eyre as the Lady Angela in *Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride*

"MUTINY on the BOUNTY"

Scenes from the Clark Gable–Charles Laughton Historical Film at the Empire

A DRAMA OF THE SEA RECALLED: *Mutiny on the Bounty*, which has been hailed by the Press and the public alike as one of the greatest films of the year, is based on the famous incident that took place in the Pacific towards the end of the eighteenth century, and a star cast provides entertainment which will surely fill the Empire Cinema for weeks to come. *Left*—H.M.S. *Bounty* anchored off Tahiti where she arrived after a ten months' voyage, the purpose of the expedition being to collect plants of the bread-fruit tree for acclimatisation in the West Indies. *Right*—Captain Bligh (Charles Laughton, centre) is accused by one of the crew of appropriating some of the ship's food; he has been keeping the men on half rations. Second from left is Clark Gable

VICTIMS OF THE SADISTIC BLIGH: The sailors whom the Master of the *Bounty* unjustly clapped into irons and tortured—the final act of cruelty that moved the crew to mutiny. One of the men is being tormented by the offer of water which he knows will not be given him; the other is in the last extremities



A BID FOR FREEDOM: Bligh (Charles Laughton) at the mercy of the crew who have placed themselves under the mate (Clark Gable). The latter saves the Master from being killed but turns him out on the Pacific in an open boat

JUST RETRIBUTION: Captain Bligh and one of his companions in the boat in which they were cast adrift by the mutineers and in which, history relates, they sailed for 3,618 miles to the island of Timor, near Java—a feat of rare endurance and skill when it is considered that their frail craft was only 23 ft. long, their stock of provisions was scanty, and they were without a chart of any sort

On right—ROMANCE IN THE SOUTH SEAS: Christian (Clark Gable) and Byam (Franchot Tone) leaving Tahiti for Pitcairn Island, whither they fled on the dramatic reappearance of Captain Bligh, taking with them the native girls they had married

KING PANTOMIME COMES INTO HIS OWN: A view of the auditorium and the stage during the first performance of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, the Christmas show which is playing to packed houses at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. *On right*—Shaun Glenville as Mrs. Hubbard, the Brothers Griffiths as the lugubrious but entertaining cow, and Binnie Hale, who is making her first appearance in panto', as Jack

CHRISTMAS-TIME in the theatre is, frankly, to me mainly a question of Mr. George Jackley, the Stentor of the Lyceum. Mr. Jackley has a varied and successful existence at other periods of the year, for he is something of a Jackley-of-all-trades, with experience of travelling to many parts of the world, of music-hall performances, and, last but very far from least, of running a public-house. He is, or was, a "fully licensed man," and as such regarded with as much awe as the hero of old Charles Pond's immortal work.

But, although I can picture Mr. Jackley away from the Lyceum pantomime—well can I picture him "roaring an 'twere any nightingale" as Bottom in Regent's Park and the summer-time—it is a fact that I have never seen or heard him elsewhere. On the theory that one cannot have too much of a good thing, this is doubtless cause for regret. But he is so lavish of his gifts in this year's pantomime, *The Forty Thieves*, that I rest content. The white-painted face, the up-turned hair, the surprised eyebrows, the striped tights, the vast rasping voice and the chorus song (this year something about a little pussy-cat) are all there in glory undiminished. Mr. Jackley is incomparably the greatest of all pantomime comedians. The children adore him; so do the grown-ups, and that is far more important, since they pay.

With him are those glorious imps of mischief, Messrs. Naughton and Gold—worth their weight in the latter to any pantomime—and an amazing droll, Mr. Eddie Gray, who, the incarnation of Bermondsey in personality, and grotesquely nosed and moustached, none the less affects a nightmare French and elects to be known as "Mountsewer." He juggles with clubs and is trumps all the time.

Miss Florrie Forde looms majestically, like one of Nelson's battleships in full sail, and proves that the audience have not forgotten the ditties of long ago. In this pantomime she is, alas, be-frocked and not be-tighted, the principal boy being Miss Kitty Reidy, who sailed daintily among the larger craft and is an ideal "boy" of the modern and less flamboyant school. In support are very long ballets which, thank goodness, seem to make no attempt to be artistic; antics by a troupe of acrobats; performing animals (with human beings inside 'em); and a transformation scene—very gorgeous in the period *circ.* 1875. All very praiseworthy, but I could not regard it as other than padding which made one long for the reappearance of Messrs. Jackley, Naughton, Gold, and Gray, and of the Misses Forde and Reidy.

But these stalwarts must tuck their heads under their wings sometimes, poor things, for this first-rate and really hilarious pantomime is given twice daily and the portions are generous.

"Jack and the Beanstalk."—*Jack and the Beanstalk* stalks with a more dignified gait, as befits the National Theatre. I see no reason why comparisons should not be permitted even at a time of peace and goodwill, nor why I should not proclaim that I enjoyed the Lyceum pantomime more than that at Drury Lane, simply because the Lyceum is much funnier.

Yet the Drury Lane comedians are an accomplished and diverting crew. The trouble was obviously that, with the exception of Mr. Shaun Glenville, who is a splendidly amusing "dame" (the Lyceum "dame" curiously enough, is almost negligible) they had not been given nearly enough to do. Mr. Charles Heslop, for instance, who has been making a big hit in *1066 And All That*, was placed much too far out of the picture. Mr. Douglas Wakefield and Mr. Billy Nelson hardly fared better—equally a pity.

On the other hand, the scenery is not only gorgeous but good, the dances are beautifully arranged, and there is Miss Binnie Hale, as natty a wearer of tights as ever was. If Miss Hale can do much more than be a principal boy in pantomime—she is a genius as a mimic and has a delicate sense of burlesque—it is a welcome fact that none could perform her present task better.

JUVENILE LEAD: Twelve-year-old Ursula Hanray—daughter of Lawrence Hanray, the actor—in the title role of *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, the Christmas production at the Little Theatre, which has been adapted from the book by Lewis Carroll

MR. COCHRAN TALKS IT OVER: The famous producer in conversation with his leading lady, Claire Luce, at a rehearsal of *Follow the Sun*, his new revue which is having a trial run at Manchester and is scheduled to come to London towards the end of this month

"Fritzi."—By way of preparation for the orgies of pantomime I attended two rather more sober feasts—*Fritzi* at the Adelphi and *La Poupée* at His Majesty's. Both seemed of much the same vintage, the latter, the revival of which lasted but a week, having first been seen in London in the 'nineties.

Fritzi is alleged to be new. It is described as a "Parisian musical comedy"; but, except for the fact that the scene is supposed to be laid in Paris, there is nothing Parisian about it (not, indeed, that I would nowadays accept Paris as the source and centre of all that is jolly in theatre-land by a very long chalk).

This is the story of a young girl who, for some inscrutable reason, lives in a cellar with a

PANTO' and REVUE

Christmas and New Year Entertainments

DISCUSSED BY

Philip Page

MARCHE MILITAIRE: Some of the thirty-six Terry Juveniles whose excellent team work is one of the features of *Jack and the Beanstalk*

lot of [illegible] boys—a sort of Casey Court [illegible]ng—and picks up some sort of livi[illegible] by picking up cigarette ends. [illegible]he falls in love with a producer [illegible]evues—a grim and sombre man [illegible]l wants to play the lead in his [illegible]s, ousting his rather faded mistr[illegible]. He takes her to his flat, but she locks the bedroom door in [illegible]ious fashion and makes him sleep on the mat outside, just as they do in a piece in the Charing Cross Road. There is, of course, a happy ending, a large part of the evening being devoted to rehearsals and stage discussion generally. When will it be realised that theatrical "shop" on the stage bores the public, who do *not* want to see the wheels go round? Bar *Trelawney of the Wells* and *Pagliacci* few, if any, plays about actors have had any appeal.

Miss Rosalinde Fuller, a clever little actress, played the heroine with an Anglo-Teutonic accent. Since they were all supposed to be French people, and all her colleagues, quite rightly, spoke undiluted English to the best of their several abilities, I could not fathom this. Unless the explanation is that Miss Fuller, though born in England, wished to be in the fashion which, at least in 1935, laid it down that a leading lady in a London theatre must be an exile from the Fatherland wrestling gutturally with the language of the country affording her hospitality.

Mr. Bruce Winston is far too good a comedian to have to be made to rely, as he was, on his bulk for alleged humour. I note that certain of my respected *confrères* have hailed Mr. Leslie French, fresh from alfresco Shakespeare, as another Leslie Henson or Bobby Howes—and then some. Mr. French did not amuse me one iota; though I must add in all fairness to him that the book of *Fritzi* is wretchedly unfunny. However, he seems a likely starter in the "lovable" stakes.

"La Poupée."—The old light opera—what memories of dear Courtice Pounds and of Stella Gastelle as the doll!—is full of really light tunes, which are dainty, well-shaped, not over-scored, and as fresh as ever. I fear not much else can be said for this work which, dramatically, must with truth be said to date badly.

But I must say much in favour of Miss Jean Colin in the title-role; the part suits her and she played it perfectly. Mr. Norman Williams (with the "Jovial Monk" song) was in glorious voice. Mr. Mark Lester nobly struggled, by popping in a few topical "gags," to bring the part of Hilarius up-to-date; but I fear they only emphasised the fact that this is the comic opera character of convention, and of forty years ago convention at that. Mr. Patrick Barrow handled the pleasant score most ably—a sympathetic conductor.

"Follow the Sun."—With grim irony Mr. C. B. Cochran has produced his new revue, *Follow the Sun*, in Manchester, where for day after day not only was the sun not seen but not even daylight, the rehearsals being conducted in impenetrable atmospheric gloom.

I saw the first performance and will postpone final judgment until this beautiful production comes to the Adelphi in a few weeks' time. I say beautiful advisedly, for rarely have I enjoyed more effective stage pictures or more wonderful dancing. The dancing numbers are chiefly contributed by Miss Claire Luce, who is, in addition to technical perfection, a picture of unforgettable loveliness. One is not, however, able to realise here that Miss Luce is also an actress of peculiarly subtle skill; for the sketches are on the thin side and this aspect of her genius is not exploited. The humour generally is doubtless now being strengthened.

Meanwhile, we had some melodious music by Mr. Arthur Schwartz, Miss Irene Eisinger to sing it gloriously (she also sings some Mozart), and an irresistibly quaint "Edwardian" ballet concocted by Messrs. Osbert Sitwell, William Walton, Frederick Ashton, and Cecil Beaton. All this should contribute to the inevitable triumph.

Two Films.—The lightest, the daintiest, the prettiest, and altogether the most alluring thing in *Music in the Air* at His Majesty's Theatre a season or so back was the dancing of a Miss Jean Gillie. In those days she was a child, and is little more than that now. But if Miss Gillie does not, in course of time, become one of the greatest film stars this country has ever produced I shall be surprised indeed.

Film critics generally have launched eulogies over her performance in *While Parents Sleep*, and most heartily do I agree with them. This girl is a first-rate comedienne, can obviously act, and has a grace of style and an infectious sense of fun which are peculiarly her own. She is one of the few bright spots—and a very, very bright one—in the film at the New Gallery, which in other respects falls rather a long way behind the successful farce upon which it is based. It did not amuse me, but Miss Gillie was undeniably enchanting.

I am glad to hear, however, that the films are not to claim her exclusively: for she plays an important part in Mr. Jack Buchanan's new musical production. Musical comedy is in the blood, since she is a niece of Mabel Green, who was one of George Edwardes' brightest and best discoveries, and made all London talk by her performance in *The Little Michus* when she was considerably younger even than Miss Gillie is to-day.

W. S. Gilbert made his disagreeable King Gama wax particularly wrath over organ-grinders, whom he found "so" "confoundedly" politeful." Films about the Southern States of America have much the same effect on me; all their characters are so "confoundedly politeful."

America, being a democratic country and disdaining such an institution as aristocracy, is none the less overwhelmingly proud of Virginia and its old-world colonels with their bootlace ties, their mint-juleps, and the rest of it. *So Red the Rose*, produced by King Vidor (there's aristocracy for you!) is full of this sort of stuff, of racial pride and fine old families being broken up, and going broke, owing to the Civil War. Mr. Walter Connolly, as the most southern and most colonelish southern colonel I have ever seen, died at great length and not a moment too soon.

But, for all its saccharine sentimentality, I vote this a good film and the performance of Miss Margaret Sullavan in every way admirable.

A SHOT FROM THE WINGS: Waiting to go on at the Lyceum, where the inimitable George Jackley (Ali Baba) and Naughton and Gold are starring in *The Forty Thieves*

A HOLIDAY ACCIDENT: The scene after the Irish boat train from Euston to Stranraer, which connects with the steamer for Larne, Northern Ireland, had been derailed and partly wrecked near Parton Station, Kirkcudbrightshire, miraculously enough causing injury to no more than three of the fifty-eight passengers. It appears that just after passing over Boat o'Rhone Bridge, spanning the Dee, and reaching the sharp bend, the first coach jumped the rails, dragging the others with it and toppling over the embankment. Had they fallen on the other side of the line all the passengers would almost inevitably have been drowned in the river

CHRISTMAS IN SCOTLAND

Snow, Blizzard, and Thaw—a Warning to Motorists

SCOTLAND experienced a Christmas-tide which included an astonishing variety of weather, the severity of which had not been known for seventy years. The opening days of Christmas week found the country under a mantle of snow and with degrees of frost such as surpassed, certainly anything within living memory. The change in the aspect of the countryside was especially dramatic in the north west. Rivers were locked in an icy grip; the roaring falls of the Spean were silent under the wand of this winter spell. For mile upon mile every rock ledge was hung with giant icicles. Fir trees were a glittering splendour. Scenes of incredible beauty made one gasp at every turn.

But a change came on the eve of Christmas Day. The intense frost broke and with this rise in temperature came a wind of blizzard force. It swept across Rannoch Moor and swirled through the giants guarding the Pass of Glencoe. Conditions were at once changed. Insidiously every feature of the landscape altered. Whereas the going had been fairly good for motoring when the roads were covered with a level surface of snow, an ice surface was soon revealed which made progress without chains generally impossible. Braking on any slope meant a glide into the ditch on one side, or into the mixture of bracken and rock on the other. Powerful coaches coming from the south were delayed for many hours.

The great new north road which was recently engineered from Crianlarich to Fort William by way of Glencoe felt the full force of the gale at Black Mount, one of the wildest and loneliest districts in this part of Scotland. On a summer day one bowls through it with the greatest ease; in winter it is a different problem.

The road, in the neighbourhood of Loch Tulla, forks away to the north-west, the railway to Fort William taking the higher ground above Loch Treig. Readers of THE SPHERE will recall the scene depicted on the front page of last week's issue. Here was a portion of the road in this very district of Black Mount. The road was none too comfortable for motoring, but progress was possible and three hikers were making steady going. On Christmas Eve the scene changed. The blizzard blew up snow-drifts in a surprisingly rapid manner, so that the few cars which adventured the road got trapped. Advance or retreat became equally impossible, and with low visibility and the rapid descent of the afternoon darkness, conditions became very undesirable and indeed threatening.

In one case, a young wife with her little boy and three dogs found herself entrapped between drifts. No big car or coach came along, and eventually the little party started to walk to Kingshouse Inn, on a part of the old Glencoe Road, which still survives. Hatless, for the gale soon whipped her headgear away into the gloom, the leader of the little party trudged on through knee-deep snow. The little boy faltered, and the dogs rushed hither and thither. The fortunate possession of a torch enabled the track to be found at critical moments, and at length the little group arrived in front of Kingshouse Inn, and safety for the night was assured.

This little hostelry on the old road proved to be a veritable island of safety to many stranded motoring parties. The uneven rocky surface provided, oddly enough, better going than the new road. This question of winter conditions on new roads in exposed country is indeed one which needs careful consideration, for the Christmas of 1935 showed what Nature can do when she is disposed to scoff at man's endeavours.

Drawing by Percy Home

THE PASS OF GLENCOE ON BOXING DAY: This great mountain bastion at the entrance to the famous Glen was crowned with glittering snow. For several days the roads at its foot were a terror to motorists owing to their glassy surface

WHERE SNOWDRIFTS FORMED: The surrounding snow was not at first of very great depth alongside this part of the new road to Glencoe, but the succeeding winds blew up dangerous drifts which blocked the highway

LOW TEMPERATURE IN THE LOWLANDS: When the thaw came at Christmas-time, Mr. Clapperton of Selkirk was enabled to get this astonishing picture of a Scottish river with its shores littered with great blocks of ice—a sight not seen within living memory

CONTEMPORARY SCHEMES OF INTERIOR DECORATION

The Happy Union of Old and New

One end of the drawing room in a flat at Lansdowne House, the entire scheme carried out for Mr. and Mrs. Michael Balcon by "Italia House." The walls are pinky-beige, the upholstery pale green, the book shelf and the carved console table desk both in pickled pine. Here one looks through glass doors to the dining room, and at the other end of the drawing room are a piano and wide windows curtained in peach coloured quilted brocade. Two of the main features of the dining room are a silver mirror above the table and a beautiful chandelier in pale green Venetian glass

A very lovely room which may be seen at Harrods, of Knightsbridge. The walls are panelled in pine, limed and waxed, and the ceiling is done in the same wood, the different levels accented by bands of silver. The curtains are green and brown with a twisted fringe instead of a palmette, the carpet is deep cream, and the modern adaptation of an old settee is covered in mushroom-coloured fabric. Mirrored tables and a cabinet stand in happy harmony with an exquisite Coromandel screen in shades of mauve, celadon and Chinese greens, and bronze, all on a deep bronze ground

Sectional fitments in Australian walnut bordered with sycamore are ideal space savers for they can be arranged to fulfil individual requirements and to fit any room. As shown in the picture on the right they comprise a corner dressing table, bookcases and cupboards, a corner wardrobe, and a desk, all arranged in a bedroom at Hampton's, of Pall Mall, S.W. The walls are shaded from peach to pale yellow, and the bedspread and curtains carry these tones to apricot and tomato. Green chairs complete the scheme

War on the Smugglers

Customs Officers and their Battle of Wits with Women, Usually the Chief Offenders in the Evasion of Duty

THE biggest item on the revenue side of Britain's balance sheet is Customs and Excise. For 1934–35 the figures were £188,570,000 and £106,350,000, a total of £294,920,000 or £9,000,000 more than the next biggest revenue item, that of property and income and sur-tax.

I asked an ex-chief inspector of Scotland Yard last week what the revenue would be if smuggling were eliminated. He smiled. "A million more, probably; but nobody knows—you can only guess." It is, of course, useless to put the question to one of the officials of the Intelligence Branch of the Customs and Excise Department, which directs a ceaseless war on smugglers from its headquarters on the top floor of a building in Lower Thames Street. Those reticent gentlemen will not even attempt a guess—at least, for publication.

But one thing is certain. In spite of fines, confiscations, and publicity during these last four years, women in their thousands go on smuggling and attempting to smuggle. Women are the Customs officer's bugbear. If, by some fantastic law, women were prevented from travelling, Customs officers at the port barriers—and especially the Channel port barriers—could dispense with 70 per cent. of the tact, alertness, and astuteness they now need in order to keep up their end against the horde of female smugglers, amateur, professional, and "half-and-halfs."

Every woman may not be a smuggler at heart—as one Customs man put it to me—but it is amazing how many succumb to the temptation to try to diddle the Customs out of a few pounds, and even a few shillings, by failing to declare that they have such dutiable articles as silk stockings, silk frocks, Paris hats, perfumes, and the like in their bags, or by concealing such articles in a cushion, inside a coat carried over the arm, or wrapped around their bodies under a loose gown and a heavy coat.

Still more astonishing it is to find among the culprits so many well-to-do women, who cheerfully spend large sums on frocks, furs, and etceteras abroad, but seem to find it so anguishing to pay the relatively small private-use duty at the home Customs barrier that they try all sorts of tricks and evasions to escape it, and usually end up either in court, or by paying a summary fine in the Customs office and having their goods confiscated.

The last official statistics put the year's seizures of smuggled goods at 7,110 (a thousand up in two years), or an average of 20 seizure cases every day! Of these, just about half were seizures of tobacco and spirits (male preferences, and culprits). The number of persons convicted of smuggling was 3,271 (up 480), and the total amount of penalties recovered was £20,202 (up £9,000). But this does not tell the whole smuggling story by any means.

Only a few of the women smugglers ever appear in court. The Customs has other things to do than pile up a big legal costs bill and waste time and energy on elaborate court procedure. It is concerned with the collection of duty payments, and if it can collect on the spot from a delinquent, it collects, and saves time, trouble, and the briefing of counsel and proving a case in court.

Only an occasional flagrant case comes into court—the publicity acts as a deterrent on the myriad of potential petty smugglers. If a woman of social position, who ought to be setting an example, is caught out, she is likelier to find herself in court than permitted to pay treble duty and no more said. Incidentally, it may be noted that the Customs practically never loses a case.

At busy ports like Dover and Folkestone, fines aggregating £200 are often imposed and paid in the course of a day; and while the Customs is satisfied (all in the day's work) the mulcted ones can thank themselves for getting off so lightly. The Customs men are not outraged if—as often happens—the amateur smuggler owns up when the bottles of brandy or boxes of cigars, the bottle of perfume for the wife, or the half-dozen pairs of silk stockings for the secretary are revealed. They're not a punitive force: they are collectors of duties. "Pay up—and let this be a lesson to you." It usually is! The usual complaint about women is that they won't own up and save time and trouble.

COUNTER MEASURES! The Customs officer makes a haul. A sketch by Norman Howard

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

There was a time when smuggling was facilitated by shipping offices granting passes to all and sundry who wanted to go aboard to meet friends. Passengers would be met thus, and would pass on small dutiable articles. This trick was rife at Liverpool port. But a tightening up of the pass system, and of the patrols, put a pretty effective stop to it.

Then there was the frequent excuse that the passenger did not know that an article worn, and not packed, is still dutiable. You have no right, for instance, to buy a fur coat or silk step-ins or a silk model frock—to take examples—and try to get it past Customs by the simple expedient of wearing it as you go through. A woman may think she is particularly unlucky who puts on three pairs of Paris-bought silk cami-knickers, two pairs of 125-franc Paris-bought silk stockings ("I always wear two pairs of stockings when it's cold,") and a £30 Paris-bought silk frock, and fails to escape the hawk eye and keen nose of the Customs officer; but the woman who added a dozen pairs of stockings tied round her waist, an obviously new Paris hat (cost, £4), and a magnificent new fur coat (cost, £175), and still thought she could sail through unobserved, was obviously an optimist.

Even greater optimists were the City man and French fiancée who packed £1,400's worth of silk dresses in six trunks, and told the Customs men at Victoria that they had nothing to declare. They had to pay £550 and £100 in fines. When they asked what would happen to their goods, they were told they were forfeited—but the Commissioner might allow them to buy them back (an old Customs custom).

The operations of the professional smuggler are something else again. If you are bringing in a silk frock for your own use, for instance, you pay duty by weight: 15s. 6d. a pound. A trifle. The fiscal system is not unreasonable, and the men back of it recognise that it is not practical politics to notch up the pressure of human temptation so far that the inducement to evade the law will approximate to that which one saw in the United States during the prohibition era.

But there is an enormous difference between the duty imposed on things bought, in reasonable quantity, for one's own use, and things bought for re-sale through normal trade channels. In the latter case, the duty is by value, not by weight; and it is 33⅓ per cent. This brings a £25 Paris gown up to around £33. And it is in this realm that we find the "carriers" on the job. Let us take the pretty young woman whom we will call Betty as an example.

Betty goes off to Paris and buys her trousseau there. You have guessed right—she is to be married. She requires, and buys (I quote a specific case) five £30 model silk gowns, twelve lingerie sets, six nighties, twelve pairs of stockings, a fur coat, and sundries. That's about the limit even a tolerant Customs officer will stand for. Value, £426. Duty, on a personal-use basis £27, £10 1s. 6d. being for the silks. But suppose those articles were required by the agile alien who runs a Shaftesbury Avenue shop, or a City wholesale business? He would have had to pay £142 in duty.

There are still many Bettys on the job, despite severe raids on their ranks and on the shops they serve (usually for £5 expenses and a £10 fee); and the chairman of a big London fashion house lately estimated the loss to the law-abiding trade at half-a-million annually owing to smuggling which comes under the general "carrier" head. It has even been said that society women have stocked little Mayfair shops with dutiable goods they have smuggled in as personal-wear items. Which may or may not be an exaggeration.

In one case of a "carrier" suspect, the solicitor for the Customs said that the twelve silk gowns had been valued at £30 retail; but an independent valuation on behalf of the Customs put the value at £45 wholesale (which would mean between £80 and £125 retail); and they understood that faked invoices were obtainable in Paris for such goods.

There was another case in which a well-poised fashionable went to Paris with a maid, and took with her a lot of silk lingerie, and frocks, so worn that they were practically worthless. She returned with the same number of items—but they were all new. She got by that time because there was no note about the condition of the things she had taken out, and nothing could be proved. But that sort of thing can only be done once, and if that lady attempts again to slip over so much as a cigarette, she will be for it. The trick is obsolete.

There was then the case of the alien who sought to evade the duty on mechanical lighters by an ingenious stratagem. He consigned about two hundred gross of German-made lighters to Dublin, and smuggled them over the border into Ulster, concealed in the upholstery of motor cars. Then he sent them from Belfast to his clients in England. Coming from Ulster they had, of course, to pay no duty. The special agents got on his track, and inside two months the case was complete, he was grabbed, and he paid double duty of £3,681—a nice little windfall for the British Exchequer. A few more of these too-clever alien smugglers, and the Chancellor might be able to take sixpence off John Citizen's income tax.

Up to the summer of this year, there was always the snag that the punishment might not fit the crime—that the smugglers greedy for money might not be hurt where it hurts most—in the pocket. The old Act of 1880 was in force and under it smugglers were liable to a maximum of £100,000 in fines or six months imprisonment. But the Treasury legal experts pointed out that two men fined £74,709 for tobacco smuggling could not (or preferred not to) pay, and did six months instead.

Many crooks will take a chance on six months in jail if they can get clean away with anything from £10,000 to £100,000, and bank it safely abroad before the Customs intelligence men can grab them. So, tardily, the Customs law was amended, and smugglers are now liable to two years.

MOVING ARMAGEDDON'S RECORDS

(Continued from p. 24)

the move. Happily as all the attendants are ex-Service men, and a few of them are ex-Artillery gunners, most of the dismantling can be carried out without calling in outside help.

For the Imperial War Museum is one of the few museums in the world where the attendants are competent to lecture on the exhibits, which were at one period of their lives just part of a daily job.

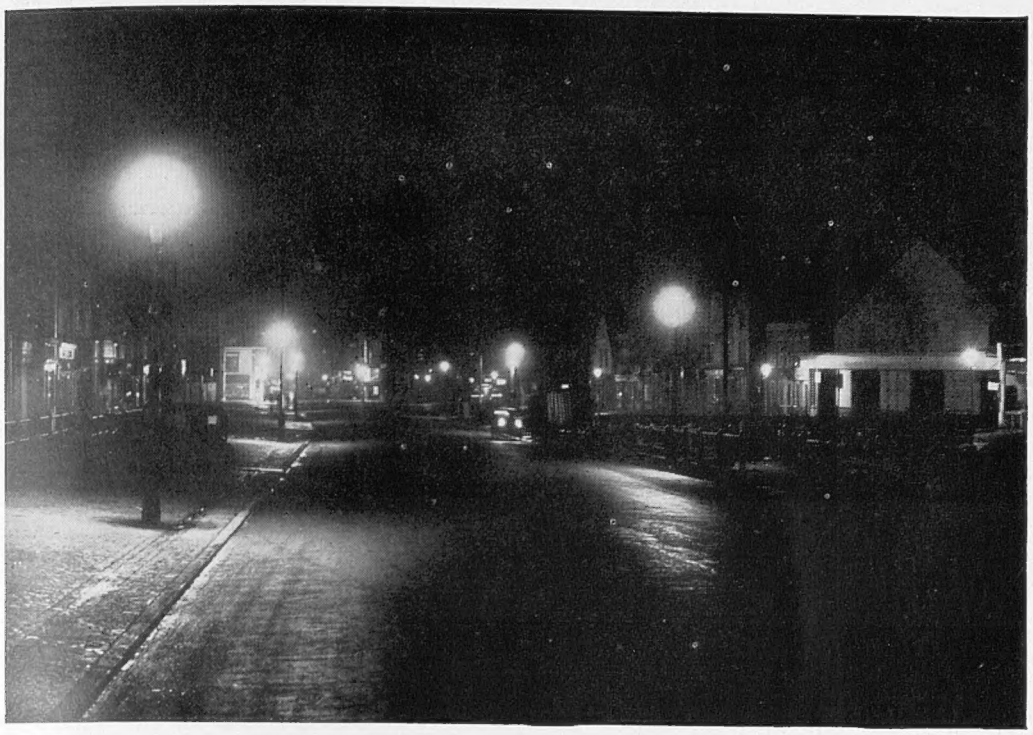
Far more adequate accommodation is available in the new quarters at Lambeth, to hang the famous works of official war artists. There will be a room given up to the portraits, scenes, and incidents, which the late Sir William Orpen recorded while serving as a major on the Western Front. Another room will be given to the works of Sir John Lavery, who was also an official war artist. These include "Surrender of the German Fleet," which was sketched by the artist while he stood in the corner of the admiral's fore-cabin of H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, disguised as a naval officer, and watched the German officers face the British across a table.

At the head of a staircase will hang Sargent's famous war picture, "Gassed." Depicting a long line of blinded men, pathetically holding on to each other as they trail across a bleak waste of mud, it is one of the biggest pictures in the museum.

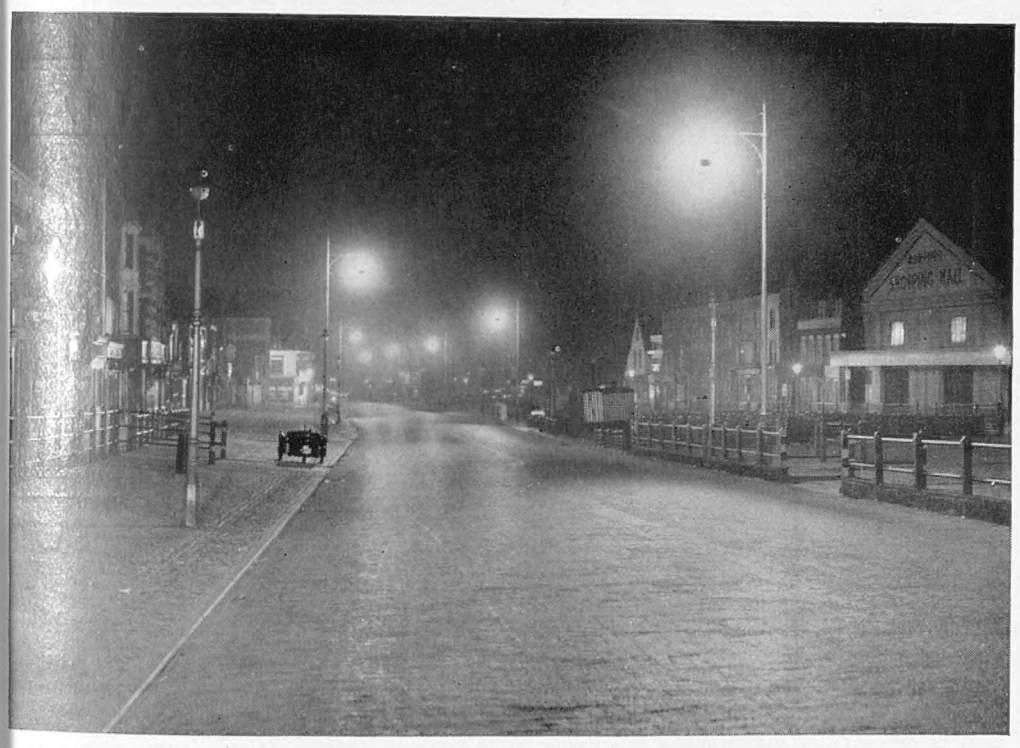
Over 250,000 official war photographs will have to be moved and these portray scenes on British, German, and French fronts. They have been obtained by exchanging prints between the various countries.

Then there are the 50,000 books on the war, official histories and autobiographies, and they come from all the belligerent nations. Only a small number of war novels are in the library, 500 at most as these are not considered to come within the scope of a museum, which gives all the facts of the war baldly, without comment.

OSIRA LAMPS



1934—Part of the London Road, Romford, as it was lighted.



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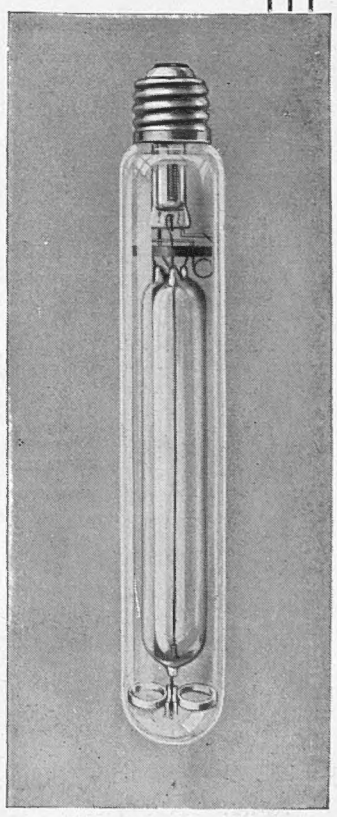

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AN INNOVATION AT ST. PAUL'S: The Christmas trees under the west portico are so graceful that one hesitates to criticise the large crib erected inside the Cathedral. The reader can obtain an idea of its appearance from the illustration given above. The figure of the Virgin is carried out with naturalistic charm, but all the rest of the scheme is very modernistic in treatment. This is particularly evident in the tubular arms of the cardboard angels. The appeal of a beautifully-devised crib is so wide that it breaks through any ultra-protestant objections and it is therefore regrettable that the appeal in this case is likely to be very limited

HERE and THERE : Some Items of General Interest

The South and East African Year Book and Guide, the 1936 edition of which has just been issued by the Union Castle Mail Steamship Co. Ltd., is well known to many of our readers and is recognised as an absorbingly interesting reference book indispensable alike to the traveller, the settler, and the business man having dealings with the African continent. The volume which contains about 1,100 pages and about 60 pages of maps, is priced at 2s. 6d. (3s. post free). The new edition has been most carefully brought up to date and includes over 3,500 amendments of the matter published in 1935.

The ninety-fourth edition of *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage*, for 1936, which marks its 110th year of publication, is now ready for publication by Burke's Peerage, Ltd., of 66, Basinghall Street, E.C.2. Price, Ordinary Edition £5 5s. Special Edition bound in morocco, £9 9s.

Let Illustrated Newspapers Help You

At the Paris offices of *The Sketch*, *The Illustrated London News*, THE SPHERE, *The Tatler*, *The Bystander*, *Britannia and Eve*, *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable reading-room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, and amusements.

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Will you please send a New Year's Gift towards the great work that the Society is carrying on, of training 1,100 poor boys and girls to be useful citizens. Over 33,000 children have passed through the Society's doors. A large sum of money is required each week to maintain the children in the Homes and Training Ship *Arethusa*. Please help. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C 2.

CHRISTMAS RECESS AT GENEVA: The press photographer has to put up with all sorts of conditions, but this man had a particularly trying wait as he watched the entrance to the League of Nations building in readiness for the departure of the delegates on December 19, when the session was adjourned for a month

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Droitwich.—St. Andrew's House (unlicensed).
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Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
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Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
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Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel. Tel. 1912.
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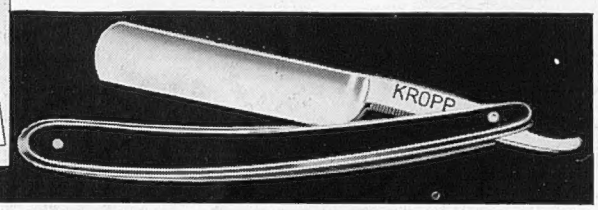

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of cover)

N., Worc. (Spain).—The village of Tossa, which lies on the Spanish coast between Barcelona and the French frontier, would suit your requirements very well for it is as yet practically unknown to tourists. There is a good sandy beach there, bathing being possible from early March to November, while the surrounding country, which is hilly and wooded, offers plenty of scope for walking. Visitors to Tossa are advised to travel on the Paris–Barcelona express to Gerona, from where a light railway runs to Llagostera, connecting there with a bus to Tossa. The Casa Steyer, which is equipped with all modern amenities, charges from about 7s. per day, charges at their new guest-house, which is directly on the beach, being slightly higher.

B., Berks. (France).—The return 2nd-class fare from London to Hyères via Boulogne or Calais, on the special 30-day holiday ticket is £10 13s. 8d., outward travel being limited to a Monday or Saturday, the ticket being available for return on any day. The supplement for the 2nd class sleeping berth from Paris to Hyères is £2 18s., a 25 per cent. reduction being given provided sleeping berths are booked and paid for in both directions before departure. The Hotel Beauséjour in Hyères, which is situated in a large garden, charges from 9s. per day.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

C., London (Poland and Germany).—The 2nd class return fare from London to Warsaw via Dover–Ostende is £16 19s. 8d., the supplement for the 2nd class sleeping berth from Cologne to Berlin being £1 1s. 9d. The supplement for travelling on the Nord Express from Ostende through to Warsaw direct is £4 15s. On the ordinary service you would leave London at 10 a.m., arriving in Berlin at 8.13 the following morning, leaving again at 10.9 a.m. arriving in Warsaw at 7.55 the same evening. The Bristol Hotel in Warsaw charges from 16s. per day. The Polish Travel Bureau, 25, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1. can give you details of inclusive tours to Poland by sea and rail. The sea route takes one through the Kiel Canal, the steamer taking eight hours to accomplish the run through. Such a trip is of course more pleasant in summer than in winter. The return 2nd class fare from London to Munich via Dover–Ostende, including the 60 per cent. reduction granted by the German railways providing one stays seven days in Germany, is £6 15s. The tickets are valid for outward travel on Mondays and Saturdays only, but are available for return on any day. The supplement for the 2nd class sleeping berth from Cologne to Munich is £1 1s. 9d. You could leave London at 10 a.m. arriving in Munich at 9.54 the following morning. The Hotel Der Königshof in Munich charges from about 10s. per day, providing one pays with registered marks. Second class sleeping compartments on the Continent contain two sleeping berths.

C., Germany (Winter Sports).—Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd., Berkeley Street, London, W.1, quote an inclusive fare of £10 14s. 6d. for a fourteen days' holiday in Titisee, including accommodation at a comfortable hotel in Titisee, and 3rd class travel. The supplement for 2nd class travel is only £2 3s. and you would be well advised to pay this extra charge. Titisee is situated in the Black Forest and is well known as a winter sports resort, there being facilities for ski-ing, skating, and tobogganing. Thos. Cook also quote an inclusive fare of £8 8s. for a fourteen days' holiday in Freudenstadt the supplement for 2nd class travel being £2 1s.

N, Carnarvon (Switzerland).—Arosa is one of the sunniest of the Swiss winter sports resorts, and is situated in a high position at an altitude of 6,000 ft. in the Plessur Valley of the Grisons. It is noted as a health resort as well as a popular winter sports centre, and is renowned for its pure, dry air. The Arosa-Kulm Hotel charges from 17 Swiss francs per day during the winter season.

D., Surrey (Cruise).—The *Vandyck* of the Lamport and Holt Line is making a forty-eight days' cruise from Southampton on February15 to Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, Cristobal (for Panama), Jamaica, Havana, Florida, the Bahamas, Bermuda, and the Azores, the fare ranging from 70 guineas. We think you would enjoy this cruise, for you will be certain of finding the warm conditions you so much want, and though you do not particularly wish to make many shore excursions you will probably find that, once the ship has dropped anchor in the various ports, you will have a strong desire to go ashore, particularly in the case of the West Indies Isles, where the scenery is exceptionally lovely. As regards tipping, a general rule is to distribute 10 per cent. of the passage money between the various members of the staff, though most people augment this amount somewhat.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

FAMOUS FIGURES

Jean Nicot, French Ambassador to Portugal, is traditionally associated with the introduction of Tobacco into France. He sent Tobacco to the French Court in 1560. "Nicotiana," the botanical name of Tobacco, commemorates Nicot.

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